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CHRONICLE.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. **T**HE long-suffering Indian Government has at last taken steps against seditious native papers, and the *Bangabasi* has been heavily bound over.—The VICEROY's decision in the Manipur cases was announced on Tuesday, and will not surprise any one. The sentences on the SENAPUTTY and the Tongal General stood, and were carried out by hanging on Thursday; those of the JUBRAJ and his younger brother, ANGAO SENA, being commuted to transportation for life, and the actual executioners and others being also respited.—It would appear that the fate of the CRAMPÉL Expedition to Lake Tchad is beyond question. M. CRAMPÉL was a brave young man doubtless, and a patriotic; but it would be idle to blink the fact that he was engaged in an enterprise virtually violating the Anglo-French Agreement as to the Western Soudan. Fresh expeditions are threatened in Paris; and the adventurers calmly refuse to acknowledge the delimitation accepted by their Government. But it is a far cry to Loch Tchad—and a farther to the Nile.—On Monday morning the foreign intelligence consisted chiefly of bundles of nothing, and the approaching visit of the French fleet to Portsmouth began to take the place of the Cronstadt meeting. Admiral GERVAIS, it seems, wept at Moscow; and it must be our study, if possible, to draw tears down that manly cheek in London. Meanwhile the visitors have refused the hospitality of the LORMAIRE—an incident in which, if England were France, some English M. DEROULEDE would certainly see a deeply-laid insult. Englishmen will probably be content with the disgustingly commonplace explanation of M. WASHINGTON, that, if you are only in a place for a certain time, and that time is filled up with engagements, you cannot accept any more.—The brigandish men of Macedonia have been again active, capturing French subjects this time.—The arrival of the Russian Grand-Duke ALEXIS in Paris has given occasion to a fresh outburst of excitement, which (and no wonder) seems to be at last seriously annoying the saner sort of Frenchmen.—King ALEXANDER of Servia has started on his travels to Vienna, Ischl, and St. Petersburg.—It was announced on Tuesday that Russia had prohibited the export of rye—a confirmation of the hitherto varying reports as to the badness of the Russian harvest. It has, indeed, been suggested that the Ukase is a political move rather than an economical necessity; but this is the time of year when far-fetched explanations are in fashion. The text of a decree of the Emperor of CHINA in reference to the late riots has been published.—The International Geographical Congress has been sitting at Berne.

The Walsall Election. The result of the Walsall election more than justifies the simple advice given here to all constituencies, in all circumstances, and on all occasions—"Fight." It was confidently said that Walsall was the safest Gladstonian seat in the kingdom; the candidates were evenly matched and the fight well fought on both sides. The result is that Mr. JAMES, the Tory candidate, has pulled down Sir CHARLES FORSTER's seventeen hundred majority to a five hundred one, and that not by dint of abstentions (for the total poll is much bigger than in 1885), but by adding nearly a thousand to the Conservative vote and taking off some hundreds from the Gladstonian. A five-hundred minority on a nine-thousand poll is a mere nothing, and may very well be changed into a majority at the general election. The Lewisham Tories have now to show what they can do, in spite of the time of year, which is the worst possible for such a constituency.

Speeches. Mr. PARNELL intermitted his usual dominical exertions last Sunday, and their place was taken by orations from the interesting prisoners and captives who have rattled from him. But these Rats of Mallow said naught of moment. Meanwhile the *Free-man's Journal* has wobbled straight again, has scouted Mr. DWYER GRAY, and has put some posers to Archbishop WALSH.—Lord ASHBORNE spoke well at Diddington on Saturday.—Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Plymouth on Monday—courageously as to recent defeats, apologetically and ingeniously, if not quite satisfactorily, about Free Education, swashingly about Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, Mr. MORLEY, and that awfulest of awful examples Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and tantalizingly about Local Government for Ireland. They are not to have the police, no, not for an hour; which is well, but as to what they are to have —? —Mr. BALFOUR spoke again at the same place next day, and more briefly at Exeter on Tuesday, on which day Sir W. HART-DYKE delivered himself on education, and Sir HERBERT MAXWELL gave an opening address to the Archaeological Institute at Edinburgh.—Lord DUFFERIN spoke at Belfast in opening Dunville Park.

The PRINCE OF WALES opened the Congress Demography. of Hygiene and (blessed word) Demography on Monday, and was followed by distinguished demographers both British and foreign. During the week the Congress indulged in the usual sports and labours of its bold bad ancestor, what time Demography was called Social Science, listening to addresses and discussions in the morning, and attending festivities in the afternoon and evening, "partly in native dress or uniform," says the reporter gravely. But what the native dress or uniform of a demographer is he sayeth not.

This day week Mr. GEORGE CURZON informed Correspondence. the world where Sarakhs is, and Zulficar, and many other places. Mr. MACLEAN recalled a little joke which had gone astray like fair AMORET, and had taken up with Sir ROPER LETHBRIDGE. Correspondence was also published on the LONGFORD HOLBEIN, which has been "redded up" and made spick-and-span.—The letter-writer revelled once more on Monday morning. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS informed the world of some interesting particulars as to his intimacy with Cardinal MANNING, and added that attacks from Roman Catholics, "as from other quarters, were a matter of absolute indifference to him." Every poet should strive for this godlike equanimity, but few there be that attain to it. It is very gratifying to learn that Mr. LEWIS MORRIS is among the exceptions, especially as it is well known that such a thing as affecting indifference and foaming at the mouth the while is unknown, especially among literary men. "B." dropped heavily and deservedly on young Mr. HALDANE's foolish if not disgraceful, and disgraceful if not foolish, language about dynamiters, and Mr. CURZON, severe in youthful beauty like the cherub in *Paradise Lost*, gave grave rebuke to Mr. MACLEAN. Mr. HALL, of Six Mile Bottom, rather touchingly reminded Mr. MORLEY that to talk of there being the very slightest legal impediment in the way of anybody buying land is, let us say, not historically exact.—The invariable maunders about trains, drains, hotels, the opening of squares to Tag-rag & Co., and the like, have been chequered by a really important correspondence about rearranging the assizes and judicial business generally.

The Law Courts. A decidedly interesting case of privilege of Parliament was decided last Friday week by Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, to the effect that Mr. ISAACSON, M.P., was protected by that privilege from the consequences of refusing to be examined in a bankruptcy

case—not, of course, his own, but another's. It is rather curious that this case, one of a kind now rare, should have at last exactly coincided with the republication in the new series of *State Trials* of one of the greatest of all such privilege cases, *Stockdale v. Hansard*.—The Salvation case at Lewes was not tried out, but a sort of compromise was offered restraining Salvation rowdiness to a small part of the town. Compromises with law-breakers are always unpleasant, though the idea of a Salvation Ghetto in each town wherein the faithful could hold their orgies unmolested by and uninterfering with decent people has some attractions. The Eastbourne magistrates, however, had a soul above transaction, and we cannot blame them, so that Eastbourne is still a prey. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that Mr. Justice HAWKINS, in recommending the compromise, should have used language which might be taken as implying that the QUEEN'S Courts are either too busy or too weak to enforce the QUEEN'S laws against evildoers who are sufficiently impudent and sufficiently pertinacious. Sir HENRY, perhaps because he himself, as we are sure, both fears God and regards man, must surely have been acting on imperfect memory of the conduct of his famous brother of Palestine in *Vidua v. Adversarium*.—Mr. Justice STIRLING, in a case of much interest, refused his sanction to the proposed sale of the Saverlake estate, one of the most interesting in England, to Lord IVEAGH, admitting the objections of the remainder-men. Whereat will be weeping and wailing in Jewry. But for the woes of TUBAL and of CHUS, his countryman, need nobody greatly care.—On Tuesday a warrant was issued, for annoying Lady DUDLEY and her daughter, against the man ROWDEN, who for years past has been notorious for similar conduct in regard to other ladies. Our rude forefathers had better ways of stopping this kind of thing than warrants.—In the odd nullity of marriage case of CRANE and COOPER *v.* CRANE, where release was sought on the ground of intimidation, Mr. Justice COLLINS did not see his way to grant it. The *vinculum matrimonii* proved less stubborn in another case heard before Mr. Justice JEUNE; and previous marriage with a step-aunt effected what an alleged revolver and a sudden "let's get married" had failed to do. Another very curious case was *COSCORAN v. PHILLIPS*—a tale of seduction and of IO Us, and, if Mr. Justice WILLIAMS may be believed, of swearing "in a general way anything."—A striker was sentenced on his plea of guilty to five weeks' hard labour at Newington for intimidation. This is well; and yet it is impossible not to feel that the law which allows picketing at all is the real culprit.—A curious attempt to add to the pleasures of a Parliament-man was made on Thursday, when a constituent of Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID's county-courted him for not presenting a petition to the House of Commons. The judge not unnaturally declined this extension of his already considerable duties. Probably the next thing will be that some aggrieved author will county-court a publisher for refusing to publish his novel or a reviewer for omitting to review it at length.

Already at the end of last week the news-Miscellaneous papers began to present the usual signs of a holiday break-up, the place not merely of Parliamentary but of other positive news being taken by long articles on crops, by communicated letters, by accounts of strange affairs at Whitechapel and mysterious outrages at Bedford. A great space was also occupied by railway and other Companies' meetings, that of the unlucky shareholders in ALLSOPP's being naturally the stormiest, but all more or less filled with complaints of the increased cost of labour, the general distrust, and so forth.—The Prince of NAPLES was in Edinburgh and the North of England, and the German EMPEROR sent the LORD MAYOR a pretty compliment on his baronetcy.

The Cowes week was wound up yesterday week with the open Squadron prizes. Among the larger boats the *Lethe* won the race, but the *Thalia* the prize, and the *Velze* was the best of the twenties. On the first day of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta at Ryde the *Iverna* beat her everlasting antagonist by more than twice her time allowance, and the *Lethe* once more won, but did not wear (thanks to the said allowance), the shorter handicap race. The prize of this went to another yawl, the *Maud*, nearly as big, but more favoured by the handicapper. The forties' race, on Wednesday, was won by the *Thalia*, and the twenties' by the *Siola*. The *Iverna* and *Thalia* were again the lucky boats in the race for the Town Cup on Thursday.—Somerset beat Yorkshire

very handsomely on Friday week, thanks to Mr. Wood's excellent batting and bowling, and to a fine innings of Mr. L. PALAIRET'S. The second match of the Canterbury week was hardly less interfered with than the first by weather, and though Surrey is certainly a stronger eleven than Kent, the complete defeat of the latter, as certain, did not represent the relative strength. Surrey beat Gloucestershire by ten wickets on Tuesday. On Wednesday Middlesex beat Yorkshire, Lancashire Somerset, and Sussex Kent. The scores of this last match are rather curious as indicating the effects of the recent weather. In the first innings the scores were 328 and 267; in the second 77 and 54, the full ten wickets (except one "absence") falling in every case.

In Mr. LOWELL the United States have lost the very first of their men of letters—a man of letters, indeed, of a class of which it is scarcely unkind to say that, with the exception of the still older Dr. HOLMES, they have none remaining, and are not, it would seem, likely for some time to produce one. In scholarship—not in the narrow sense, but the wide—in humour, in appreciation, and power of expressing appreciation, of the writings of others, in command of verse both serious and comic, Mr. LOWELL would have ranked high in any literature of any time. And to a very large number of Englishmen his loss is a personal as well as a literary one, for a pleasanter companion never lived. Even his weakest point—the curious touchiness revealed in the famous "Condescension of Foreigners" essay—was capable of yielding much amusement to both parties, if it was treated in the right way.—Dr. ELLIOT, the Dean of Bristol, died this week at the great age of ninety-one. He was an Evangelical, but had exerted himself greatly in rebuilding and enlarging the Cathedral.

MR. LOWELL.

THE death of Mr. LOWELL will affect English people not less than Americans, as a loss that must be deeply and keenly felt. The desire to do him honour will be shared by everybody who contemplates his long and honourable career in literature and diplomacy. In him the ancient alliance of letters and the humanities was as a marriage of twin minds, and admitted no impediment. It is in no way to disregard his eminence in other fields to say that for him literature was life. His love for letters was an enduring passion, and it was this love for letters, in which he surpassed all American writers of his age, that caused the gifts of nature and acquirements of study to prove so fruitful. Mr. LOWELL began life by studying law and turning satirist. It is worth noting of his youthful satires that they show, as his political writings do, that love of literature for its own sake which was not the least of his natural gifts. His *Class Poem* shows genuine appreciation of English classic form. His *Fable for Critics*, unlike so much American verse, was no mere imitation of English examples, and suffers nothing by comparison with that juvenile effusion of LEIGH HUNT'S which served as model. The sweetening influence of his love for letters undoubtedly grew with his growth, yet is it not less perceptible than the saving grace of humour in his early verse. In "the forties" the patriot American who did not rail at England, and do his railing coarsely, was as rare as the New England abolitionist who denounced the peculiar institution without rancour. Mr. LOWELL'S anti-slavery fervour was, like his patriotism, decidedly not less ardent than that of the noisiest of his countrymen. But Mr. LOWELL'S weapons were irony and epigram, put forth in rhymed couplets that recall the vigour and point of our Augustan satirists. Of this we have a good example in a poem written in the New England vernacular dealing with a very delicate subject—English criticism of American policy—wherein Americans figure as sinners, England as the saint, with the clenching verdict, "What's good's all 'English'; all that isn't aint." Mr. LOWELL, of course, shared the national sensitiveness to criticism of what is, or is supposed to be, national, but he was not given to a spectacular demonstration of his sufferings. He possessed, what so many American writers and speakers have lacked, scholarship and humour and the critical faculty, and admirable was his endowment with respect to all three. While still young he had heard POE—certainly no mean judge of the situation—proclaim in decisive tone the art of criticism to be the crying want of American literature. HOSEA BIGLOW appears to have been moved by this cry in

the wilderness. "Some philosophers say that a faculty's "granted The moment it's proved to be thoroughly wanted." Mr. LOWELL amply justified the theory of those philosophers, as in the fulness of time he proved his title clear to the first place among American critics. Had he contributed no more to literature than those two volumes of charming and luminous critical essays *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*, Mr. LOWELL's position in English literature would still be high and assured.

It was Mr. LOWELL's lot, however, to excel equally as a writer of verse and of criticism, as a public speaker on the platform and at all social functions. The grace of his style and the felicity of his matter were remarkably exemplified in his commemorative addresses, on occasions when the illustrious dead were honoured. The merits of his poetry and of his comic and satirical verse are unlikely to receive unanimous recognition as co-equal in original quality. At its best, Mr. LOWELL's serious poetry is, perhaps, less distinguished by the fine poetic gifts than are the choicest productions of two or three American poets whom it is needless to name. For the present, at least, the world has been content to rate the *Biglow Papers* far above Mr. LOWELL's songs and odes and descriptive verse. The great and immediate success of this diverting book was notable merely because of the simultaneous delight it gave to Americans and English alike. The humour of it is indeed New England, not American, humour. No one has been sufficiently daring to claim for the later birth—"American humour"—that it is, legitimately or not, the offspring of the *Biglow Papers*. Mr. LOWELL endowed his satire with an entirely original form. He was not so careful of his types, on the side of realism, as to reproduce the provincial in what was meant for mankind. The speech and humours of HOSEA BIGLOW, PARSON WILBUR, the wily caucus-man and "pious editor," have, of a truth, become "the pith of history." The freshness and buoyancy of the verse denote the spontaneous inspiration of the poet. Such work is not to be manufactured, as Mr. LOWELL forcibly remarked, when certain persons, more friendly than sagacious, demanded more *Biglow Papers*. Certainly, the second instalment was marked by the signs of effort. Mr. LOWELL will not be mourned by the world of letters only. During the five years of his official life in London, as American Minister, he served both countries with dignity and honour. To establish friendly relations, in every sense of the term, was but second nature with Mr. LOWELL. His relations with this country were ever of the most cordial description, and nowhere will his loss be more generally felt and sincerely lamented.

MR. BALFOUR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SO far from bringing with it any relaxation of the stress of party conflict, the Parliamentary recess has witnessed during its first few days the delivery of by far the most important political speech from the party point of view that has been heard for months past. Addressing a meeting held at Plymouth last Monday by the local Conservative Associations, Mr. BALFOUR has made it his business—we should not, perhaps, be far wrong in saying, has been deputed by his colleagues—to put forth a statement of an extremely interesting, and even momentous, character with regard to the future legislative projects of the Government. That he prefaced it with an elaborate, or, as it would have probably become in the hands of any less expert advocate, a somewhat laboured, defence of their past legislative policy, may have been a matter of personal choice. Governments are usually more anxious to prepare the mind of the public for the measures which they have in contemplation than to reconcile it to those which they have already passed; but the CHIEF SECRETARY may well have thought that to apologize for the Free Education Act would be no bad way of getting his hand in for the hardly less difficult task of justifying the threatened introduction of a Local Government Bill for Ireland. On Mr. BALFOUR's efforts for the accomplishment of the former of these two undertakings we do not deem it necessary to dwell at any length. Skilful, indeed, as is the apologist, we cannot see that he has done much to strengthen the by no means strong position which was taken up months ago on the subject by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, and which his colleague apparently finds it impossible to exchange for any other. Mr. BALFOUR has had to rely, like Mr. GOSCHEN, on the forlorn contention

that, if the Gladstonians had been left to "solve the problem of Free Education," they would have solved it, "if they could," in a direction "hostile both to voluntary schools and to religious education." The saving "if" is certainly much required in the above sentence. It is, indeed, a word of so much import in this connexion as to make us look for some addition to the argument—some attempt, that is to say, to prove the reality of the danger which Conservatives have made such sacrifices to avert. Where, we should like Mr. BALFOUR to tell us, are the Radical legislators who would have destroyed "voluntary schools and religious education" had the question been left to them, and how would they have done it, and why cannot they do it now? Even if all these questions could be answered in the sense required by the Ministerial argument, that argument, although it might have a little more to say for itself from the point of view of party tactics, would be as much as ever beside the question of political morals. As to Mr. BALFOUR's plea that Free Education has as much right to a place in a Conservative programme because the Liberals, through their leader, declined to admit it into their own in 1885, we confess we cannot imagine to whom such a plea could with the slightest profit be addressed. It can carry no weight with anybody but an electioneering agent, and on the electioneering agent's conscience the crime of having appropriated a question from the programme of his opponents is wont to sit lightly enough. To any Conservative who holds that the contents of Conservative programmes should be determined by Conservative principles, and not by an observation of the popular questions which may happen to be going a-begging, the whole of Mr. BALFOUR's contention in this part of his speech is singularly unsatisfying. Equally so, we must add, is his attempt to prove that the payment of elementary school fees is not "a stride in the direction of Socialism," because the most important part of a child's education takes place in the home, into which the State at present does not propose to intrude. But the essence of Socialism is its requiring the community to perform for the individual, not those duties which do not cost him money to perform, but those which do; and a system which pays for the entire scholastic education of a man's children is surely as Socialist as he can expect, although it does not undertake their home training also. Otherwise, we shall have their mother complaining later on, when things get a little more advanced, that, although her infants are provided at the public cost with every necessary of infant life, from bread and butter to frocks and pinafores, the State neglects to wash and dress them in the morning and to put them to bed at night.

Enough, however, of the past legislative acts of the Government, and of these well-meant, but ineffectual, efforts to justify them. It is of more immediate and practical importance to examine Mr. BALFOUR's statement with respect to the legislation of the future—his announcement of the now fixed resolve of the Government to introduce next Session a Local Government Bill for Ireland. This, of course, is a measure for which Mr. BALFOUR has, or will have, a far larger share of individual responsibility than could possibly rest upon him with respect to the Free Education Act; and since he is prepared to assume it, we should have expected from him a proportionately greater confidence of tone. Yet assuredly we do not find it anywhere in his utterances on this subject in his recent speech. It speaks highly, indeed, for Mr. BALFOUR's inveterate and inconvenient habit of intellectual honesty that, though his genuine anxiety to reassure his party on the matter of this legislation is apparent throughout, it is, after all, not more clearly visible than the uneasiness with which he himself regards it. He was at particular pains to repudiate the idea, founded upon a recent declaration of his in the House of Commons, that Ministers have only suddenly made up their minds to deal with this question. He reminded his hearers that the promise to do so was given in the QUEEN'S Speech at the opening of last Session, and in that of the previous one; and if time had allowed, he would, he said, have been prepared to introduce it this year. But he is perfectly ready to admit that in Ireland "so great an administrative change cannot be carried out except with the utmost caution"; that "in a country seamed, chasmed, sundered into fragments by ancient party feuds, by feelings of mutual distrust, smouldering indeed, but always ready to burst into flame, anything in the nature of large elective County Councils are institutions which no statesman should recklessly set him-

"self to work to build up." He admits that we have had some experience of elective bodies in Ireland, and that that experience has been far from uniformly satisfactory; that Irish Boards of Guardians have "passed a very large number of silly resolutions," have "mixed themselves up in a great number of affairs which do not concern them," have "in many cases administered with considerable recklessness the funds of the ratepayer who elected them," have "in some cases used the powers conferred upon them by law [for other purposes] for distinctly political objects," and have also in some cases "employed their powers of taxation to injure the minority to whom they were opposed." All this, as Mr. BALFOUR truly says, is "not encouraging"; but it does not exhaust the list of his candid admissions. It would be absolutely impossible, Mr. BALFOUR acknowledges, to hand over to the Irish County Council the control of the police. He thinks, indeed, that no attempt will be made—in any more serious form than that of speeches in the House of Commons—to throw so enormous a charge upon the Irish taxpayer; but in any case he promises us that in no measure for which he is responsible will he "dream of any such step as that of handing over to the County Council, or to the County Council in association with the grand juries, the management of the local police." And, lastly, though he entertains what he confesses to be the "sanguine view" that the landlords and resident gentry who now form the grand juries will be elected in no inconsiderable numbers to the County Councils, he cannot deny that the first result of establishing such Councils, even if we "guard them," as he hopes we may be able to do, by some form of minority representation, will be "to set aside many of those gentlemen, probably the most qualified for county business that could be found, from all share in county management."

It is impossible to peruse this frank rehearsal of the manifold objections to the legislation contemplated by the Government without asking why, in the name alike of logic and of political prudence, that legislation should be undertaken at all. The reason, the sole reason, put forward by Mr. BALFOUR—for, though he says there are three, they practically reduce themselves to one—is contained in the three words "we have promised." Well, it is at least a respectable reason, and we will for the moment waive the obvious objection that, though Ministers may have made the promise, it is the nation which will have to pay the cost of its fulfilment. We will content ourselves with merely asking whether, in passing such a Local Government Bill for Ireland as Mr. BALFOUR has sketched out, the Government will be fulfilling it. You have given this boon to England, says the CHIEF-SECRETARY; you have given it to Scotland; you have promised, not once, but half a dozen times, to give it to Ireland. Are Ministers going to give it to Ireland, even on Mr. BALFOUR's own showing? Will they be giving it by establishing County Councils to which, even "in association with the grand juries," the control of the local police is on no account to be committed, and which he hopes to "guard by some form of minority representation"? If Mr. BALFOUR really imagines that this will be accepted as a fulfilment of the promise to which he refers, he will find plenty of Irishmen, both in Parliament and outside it, to undeceive him. By passing such a Local Government Bill as he has foreshadowed, Ministers will be going far to undo all the good work which he has done in Ireland, and will not even gain—as, indeed, they would not deserve to gain—the barren credit of having kept their word.

THE MANIPUR SENTENCES.

WE do not know whether the announcement of the decision of the VICEROY in the Manipur cases, a decision which may be supposed to have been submitted to and sanctioned by the SECRETARY OF STATE, was purposely or accidentally postponed till after the rising of Parliament. It is unfortunately too true that in the present state of Parliamentary manners its promulgation during the Session might have led to a very unseemly debate, while no harm can come from anything that may be said when the House of Commons assembles again. It cannot be said that the revised sentences, the more serious of which were carried out on Thursday, err, on the whole, in the direction of severity. Indeed, we rather doubt the wisdom of letting off the subordinate but immediate agents in the actual murders. It should be clearly understood by officials and subjects of vassal Indian princes that no orders of their

immediate superiors will protect them in such a case, if—not in actual fight, but in cold blood, and in pursuance of quasi-judicial proceedings—they take the life of an Englishman, or of any loyal subject of the EMPRESS. On the other hand, the commutation of the sentences on the JUBRAJ and on Prince ANGAO SENA might, perhaps, be expected. The latter was altogether a subordinate, and the REGENT, though it is barely possible that he might have prevented the massacre, was so much of a puppet in the hands of his more energetic brother that mercy, if not justice, might fairly spare him. The main, if not the whole, interest lies in the confirmation and execution of the sentences on the SENAPUTTY himself and on the Tongal General. In regard to this latter, his great age has been, and his former good service might have been, pleaded in his favour; but, in fact, both aggravated his crime. Why a man so near his death in any case, and therefore so little likely to be actuated by personal ambition—a man who had previously been acquainted with, and had stood up for, British authority—a man who, as we know, those best informed actually thought likely to be useful to England on this occasion—should have acted as we must needs believe that this old officer did act, is very hard to make out. But the facts being what they apparently are, the propriety of his punishment, unless the QUEEN's face had shown special, and perhaps unwise special, grace, is unquestionable.

For the SENAPUTTY we fear no rational man can say a word. His original case was, as we have not shrunk from saying, a hard one, and the clever silliness of Sir JOHN GORST (which reminds us of a colloquial phrase once used in another case by a light of the Bar and the press now departed, "It is the conduct of a drunk child") has made it almost inevitable that his execution should be followed by gibes and blasphemy from the adversaries. If he had simply endeavoured to avoid arrest, and had "levied war against the EMPRESS" with this object, we could have found an eye wherewith to wink at his conduct. A good deal is to be pardoned to a bold stroke for liberty, especially against such exceedingly questionable proceedings as those to which Mr. QUINTON resorted. But the attack on the Residency was a very different thing from the resistance to the arrest, and the treacherous murder of the English leaders was a very different thing—a thing altogether falling within another category—from the attack on the Residency. There may even be some doubt whether the JUBRAJ, who certainly did not try to prevent this, and did attempt to excuse it by lying accusations as to the conduct of the troops, ought to have been excused the maximum penalty; there can be no doubt that the SENAPUTTY ought not. The most annoying part of the whole annoying business is that it is impossible to inflict punishment which is not only so richly deserved by the past, but so indispensable for the future, without having the blunders and misconduct which brought all this about thrown in our faces. For in nothing is the inexcusableness, the *plus-quam*-criminality, of a blunder worse than in this—that it affects and taints all the consequent action. The error of the unfortunate man whom the SENAPUTTY murdered has actually thrown a smirch of unfairness on the just punishment of the SENAPUTTY himself.

THE POLICE REPORT.

THE reading of Sir EDWARD BRADFORD's Report on the Metropolitan Police for 1890 should be made compulsory on all those who take their opinion of the force from its habitual detractors. It is a record of very good work done at considerable risk. From Table 9 it appears that among the policemen specially commended during the year seventy-two received "personal injury" in the discharge of their duty, and of these injuries thirty-five were received in stopping runaway horses, and thirty-four in rescuing people from drowning. Thirty constables were invalidated for the direct results of injuries. These figures do not include all the men hurt, for the Commissioner has to report that there is a daily average of 549 casualties caused by "men sick" and on detached sick-leave, of which a proportion must be, directly or indirectly, the result of exposure on service. That the work which is done at this risk has, on the whole, been most successfully performed may be considered as proved by the fact that "felonies relating to property" committed last year were absolutely lower than in any year since 1875, when the population was less than it is now by about two millions. No doubt the rise and fall

in the number of felonies committed is due to other causes than the greater or less efficiency of the police. A glance at Table 13, which gives the totals since 1867, will show that they increase and diminish on a kind of line of beauty. They were 21,303 in '67, from which figure they sank, in an increasing population, to 17,093 in '75, to rise again to their highest figure—23,920—in 1880, and from that to sink with a rally, in '87 and '88, to the satisfactory figure of last year—which was 17,494. But, on the whole, crime does not increase in proportion to population, and its tendency is to diminish. In the production of this excellent result the police have the most important share. The passing of long sentences on habitual offenders has a good effect, and something is effected by the charitable Societies which aid discharged prisoners. But before an habitual offender can be secluded he must be taken, and his antecedents must be discovered. It is the duty of the police to capture him and to make the discoveries. In the main the work is successfully done. This fact is a convincing answer to the clamour raised over the very occasional errors of temper or judgment committed by the police.

Sir EDWARD has no greater change in the condition of the force to report than the removal of headquarters from Old to New Scotland Yard, from the confined makeshift premises with which the police administration of London was forced to put up to the imposing building on the Embankment. The total strength of the force has grown with, but not in proportion to, the growth of London. The total increase since the 31st of December, 1889, has been 539, while the suburbs have increased by scores of miles of streets. As usual, the tables and other subordinate parts of the Report give some curious details of an industrial character. Thus, for instance, the Report on the Licensing Department—"Public Carriage" shows what we imagine few would have discovered from their own observation—namely, that there has been a slight reduction in the number of cabs within the last three years. "Two-wheeled hackney carriages," to give them their official title, have decreased less than four-wheelers, but there are fewer of both than in 1888 or 1889. The increase in the number of omnibuses and tramcars will surprise nobody. It is a melancholy fact that the character of the cabdriver does not appear to improve. Unless we are to suppose that the police have become much more vigilant since 1887, it must be taken as proved that cabdrivers are much more addicted to drunkenness. In that year the convictions were 1,033. They went up nearly 200 next year, and have risen steadily to their present scandalous figure of 1,421. As the total number of licensed cabmen is 15,336, it appears that rather more than one in fifteen of them is in trouble every year. The licencer appears to treat this offence with some tenderness, for only forty licences were revoked last year. Now this figure barely covers the third, fourth, and fifth convictions for drunkenness, and is not a fourth of the second convictions; but a cabman who is tipsy at his post is a danger and a nuisance. Some who use cabs freely will be surprised to learn that, of 1,574 candidates who presented themselves for a licence, 532 were plucked for insufficient knowledge of London. It is not the general impression that the cabman's familiarity with London is what it was, and some suspicion had begun to spread that they were licensed more easily than of old. Yet, when one of them is plucked out of three, the examination must be tolerably stiff. Some of the lesser figures suggest curious inquiries. What was there in the weather of 1889 which caused sixty cabmen to incur convictions for obscene language, and eighty-five for assault, as against forty-six for the first offence and seventy-one for the second in the course of last year. Is the explanation to be found in the total absence of convictions for overcharge and exactions in the former year? As a set-off to these discreditable figures, we observe that there has been no case of manslaughter by a hackney coachman during the last four years; but whether this is due to their driving or to the alertness of the public the Report does not say. To a large extent, it is certainly due to the vigilance with which the police control the traffic at crossings.

HYGIENE AND DEMOGRAPHY.

THE old Social Science Congress having sunk into its ocean bed has tricked its beams, and with new-spangled ore flames at the St. James's Hall as the Congress of Hygiene and Demography. It was opened on Monday in

circumstances of emphasis and splendour by the PRINCE OF WALES, under the patronage of the QUEEN. This was fortunate for the Congress. Royal patronage has given it dignity. The good-nature of the PRINCE OF WALES, who made some sacrifice in coming to London at this season, allowed that patronage to be conferred in the most graceful manner. The many thousands of estimable persons from all the ends of the earth who attend the Congress will, no doubt, be pleased with themselves and happy in the occasion. For our part, we would wish not to fall into that error of sneering at congresses which the PRINCE noted as too common in his reply to the vote of thanks very rightly paid to himself. It would be most unbecoming to sneer at a meeting in which foreign gentlemen of the eminence of Dr. BROUARDEL say such very pleasant things about this country as were said by him on behalf of the French members of the Congress. The speech of the Parisian doctor was a shining example of the art of saying nice things, in which Frenchmen excel all mankind, when they apply their minds to it. Dr. BROUARDEL did, and accordingly he illustrated most admirably the truth of Lord BACON's judicious remark that one of the best uses of a friend is to sing our praises. An equally true estimate of all that Englishmen have done in the cause of "Sanitary Science" would not have come with the same grace from one of ourselves. Mr. JOSEPH KÖRÖSI, of Budapest, insisted more on our services to what ought, it appears, to be called "Demography." His praise was not the less welcome because he reminded the "Social Scientist" that his science is not so very new, having been well known in the seventeenth century to the contemporaries of Sir WILLIAM PERRY, under the perhaps equally accurate, and assuredly less pretentious, name of Political Arithmetic. Professor CORRODI, of Pavia, went back to the twelfth century to prove that England and Italy had mutually helped one another to forward the march of civilization—witness the success of HARVEY in "giving the demonstrations of a fact of which in the Anatomical Society of Pavia the fundamental principles were found." Dr. ROTH, of Saxony, spoke of our wealth and our practical good sense. Now these things are pleasant.

We trust it will not be thought a sneer if we say that the subsequent discussions have been a little overpowering. It may be, to take an especially good example of the difficulties created for the "outside public" by the Congress, very profitable to the student of Bacteriology that Dr. ROUX of Paris and Dr. HANS BUCHNER of Munich should state their very conflicting views as to the exact habitat of the bacteria destroying power in the blood. Is it in the white blood-corpuscles, as Dr. METSCHNIKOFF, "discoverer of the wonderful process known as 'phagocytosis'" (a wonderful name), asserts, in support, apparently, of Dr. ROUX; or is it, as Dr. HANS BUCHNER maintains, in "the serum or liquid portion"? We, for our part, perceive that doctors disagree in congresses as well as out of them. Less difficulty presents itself in grasping a proposition put with epigrammatic neatness by the PRINCE OF WALES. If diseases are preventable, why not prevent them? Why not? But the question is too often How? and a discussion which took place on the subject of diphtheria shows that this is precisely the inquiry to which it is so difficult to give any answer. Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S., was sure of a friendly hearing from the less severe class of students when he advanced a great variety of remarks and interrogations on "the relative fertility of different classes and races, and their tendency to supplant one another under various circumstances." Here is a subject of discussion to rejoice any congress. Starting from no premiss, it may wander over things in general, and need never arrive at any conclusion. What can be more instructive than to learn that "It is certain that the productiveness of different marriages differs greatly in consequence of unexplained conditions"? "Do," asks Mr. GALTON, "those persons who have honourably succeeded in life, and who are presumably, on the whole, the most valuable portion of our human stock, contribute in the aggregate their fair share of posterity to the next generation? If not, do they contribute more or less than their fair share, and in what degree?" What a joy it must be to have an innocent taste for hazy speculation, and to belong to a congress in which you can discuss away briskly, unchecked by the obligation to define your terms! But we have the fear of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS before our eyes, and shall not discuss this subject further. It is the less necessary because it is not rational to ask congresses to settle

questions which are only to be answered by long experiment, if at all. We do not even know whether it is reasonable to ask them to prove that there is a definite question to settle. The Rev. HUGH PETERS, who was a more genial person than might have been expected, maintained that there would have been less theological hatred in his time if teachers of religion had only taken their beer together more frequently. The function of congresses is to enable men of science to take their beer together. They have plenty of quarrels which require smoothing down, and no want of the spirit which inspired TORQUEMADA to burn Jews and CALVIN to burn Socinians. We hope that social intercourse will mollify their passions, if it does not clear their ideas.

CUPID IN COURT.

AFFAIRS of what is politely called the heart may be said to have had altogether the upper hand in the Courts on the eve of the Long Vacation. Of COSCORAN (or CORCORAN, for reporter agreeth not with reporter) *v.* PHILLIPS perhaps the less said the better. We have Mr. Justice VAUGHAN WILLIAMS's word for it that Mr. PHILLIPS is an old man who might be much better than he is, and that his daughter, Miss PHILLIPS, is a person upon whose evidence no reliance whatever can be placed. The same inexpugnable tower is our strength in saying that Miss COSCORAN's (or CORCORAN's) notions of veracity are the same as Miss PHILLIPS's, while Miss COSCORAN (or CORCORAN) admits that in other respects she is, as a young woman, as far from being better than she should be as Mr. PHILLIPS is for an old man. The appearance in the case of I O Us, supposed to have been given by Mr. PHILLIPS to Miss COSCORAN for value received is exceptional. It is impossible to think that they are well placed in cases of what is politely called the heart. They are occasionally convenient, as in the case where a guileless landlady remarked, "I can't think what you gentlemen do with all those pieces of torn paper that I find in the room of a morning." The I O U disappears (at least if redeemed); the counter *manet*, and the Softshell Baptist Synod of Llanwddin makes remarks on it. But the aleatory, as Mr. STEVENSON might say, is not the amatory. JOVE did not descend in a shower of paper. They ordered these matters better in Argos.

The heart was an irregular heart in COSCORAN *v.* PHILLIPS; in MEDINA (otherwise PRENTICE) *v.* MEDINA and CRANE (otherwise COOPER) *v.* CRANE it was regular, and had taken out a licence. But it wearied of the licence, and sought to annul it—with diverse fortune. By enormous good luck, Mr. MEDINA had married the step-aunt of Mrs. MEDINA, and though the parties were well aware of this fact, and had even obtained a dispensation from the POPE (regardless of the dangers of *Præmunire*), the laws of England distinctly say that a man shall not marry his wife's step-niece. Domicile, therefore, being established, Mr. Justice JEUNE had nothing to do but to set the captives free. If it were likely that previous marriage with a step-aunt would be widely resorted to as a loophole for the introduction of provisional unions with her step-nieces, this decision might seem against public policy. But it is excessively improbable that the method will, or indeed could, become popular.

CRANE (otherwise COOPER) *v.* CRANE, which fell to Mr. Justice COLLINS to decide, was other than these. Mr. CRANE was the cousin of Mrs. CRANE, and, being three years her junior, it was almost necessary that he should fall in love with her (though afterwards he said he didn't, and only wanted her money). He asked her to go with him to St. Paul's, which cousins may do, even if their native home be not, as the home of these was, in the settin' sun. But you go to St. Paul's by St. Bride's, Fleet Street. At St. Bride's, Fleet Street, Mr. CRANE produced a revolver and a licence, and said that he would blow his brains out if his cousin would not marry him. Why this particular threat is always effectual with a sex not remarkable for softheartedness, it is impossible to say; but it always, or almost always, is. Miss COOPER entered the church (named with fatal appropriateness) of St. Bride, and the parson, Mr. HAWKINS, whom many men know, observed nothing recalcitrant or peculiar in her behaviour—though the lady speaks vaguely of drugged sweetmeats, a modern form of philtre. Then they voyaged, not to Cythera but to Notting Hill, and it is expressly stated that the marriage ceremony had none of those consequences which are usual. Mr. CRANE, the motives of whose conduct

throughout are remarkably obscure, appears to be quite as anxious for release as Mrs. CRANE. His language, which we trust is not common among gentlemen of his country, so shocked Mr. Justice COLLINS (who will see many others before he has been much longer a judge) that he described it as "characterized by cynical brutality." Mr. CRANE, it seems, mentioned that, if Mrs. CRANE would not come to him, he would go to Illinoy, and in that State, the famous home of ANTEROS, would get a divorce. As this appears to be the height of Mrs. CRANE's wishes, all may yet end well. But what sort of sweetmeat it is which makes you appear a willing bride to experienced eyes like Mr. HAWKINS's when you are a coerced victim; why Mrs. CRANE did not let Mr. CRANE blow out his not very valuable brains; why Mr. CRANE, having gone as far as he did, did not go further, and many other things, remain enigmas. Philologists of the old school would doubtless explain it all by saying that the CRANE family comes from the island of Cranæ, whither, as is well known, PARIS took HELEN. But the conduct of PARIS was, it is believed, more thorough than that of Mr. CRANE.

LORD TENNYSON AND GORDON.

LORD TENNYSON does not often address the public in prose, and when he does thus speak it may be presumed that he is strongly moved. He has lately written a letter calling attention to the needs of the Gordon Home for Boys. The sum of 40,000*l.* is needed to make the Home as useful as it should be, and not unworthy of GORDON and of England, to supply the Home, not with precarious doles and hand-to-mouth alms, but with a solid capital of endowment. There is plenty of money in the country, as Lord TENNYSON remarks, and 40,000*l.* is not a very large sum for sympathizers with GORDON's work among the poor to give. One rich man not unfrequently offers as much as or more than this to buy a park or a library for a town. But it is less to one rich man that we would appeal than to the many, rich or not so rich, who are anxious to perpetuate GORDON's work and GORDON's name in the one way which it is probable that he would have desired. He was notoriously indifferent to money and to honour, to decorations, rank, and statues. His one work and desire was, if we may use the sacred words, "to seek" and to save that which was lost," whether lost in African deserts or in riverside slums. He was anxious to work among the Kaffirs of the Cape at a salary of about 300*l.* a year; in fact, for himself he wanted only the bare necessities of life; what he possessed beyond that he gave away. In England he shunned society and devoted himself to teaching and inspiring poor and neglected boys, who loved him. It is in connexion with these labours that we may all, without distinction of party or politics, admire GORDON, and seek to make his memory live and his influence increase year by year.

How the managers of the Gordon Home endeavour to secure these objects we have frequently pointed out, and frequently urged the duty and the consolation of being fellow-workers with him whom we can never cease to mourn and to desire. To rescue him, many of our soldiers uncomplainingly gave their lives, and endured the most arduous toil. To work along with him, whose spirit remains with us, it is not much to give our money. It is true that very many claims, of no less merit, are daily pressed upon the minority of mankind who find it blessed to give. We are the last to encourage any displacement of benevolence. But it is certain that a very little self-denial in pleasures would provide the amount—comparatively small—which the Home requires. "Have we forgotten?" Lord TENNYSON asks. It is our duty to prove that we have not forgotten; that the memory of GORDON is not to be deserted by his countrymen and countrywomen. Lord TENNYSON does not often come before the country as a beggar, nor, indeed, is petitioning our own favourite attitude. As it was said of SCOTT that, if every man whom he had entertained by his novels would subscribe a penny, his pecuniary troubles would be ended, so of Lord TENNYSON we may say that, if all his readers gave a trifle, the 40,000*l.* would be raised in a day. The slackness in contributing to the Gordon Home, among a generous people, is very remarkable. It cannot well be explained by memories of political recrimination, now several years old; for, if one party disliked, the other, we might think, would be inspired by the memory of GORDON. The nature and purpose of the Home, for the education and training of neglected boys,

appear to lack nothing that can encourage sympathy. Yet the money has still to be asked for by the Laureate, who, we trust, does not ask in vain. Subscriptions may be sent to General Sir DIGHTON PROBYN, V.C., at Marlborough House, Pall Mall, and the reader will be wise if he looks for his cheque-book at once, and does his manifest duty.

STREET MUSIC.

THE Salvation Army has been engaged for years in endeavouring to demonstrate to what an extent street music can be made a nuisance. For some months past it has concentrated its efforts on what it very properly considers a test case, and a very complete one. It has striven to override the private Act of Parliament which, at no small cost to itself, the town of Eastbourne secured in order to make it certain that the "day of rest" would be a day of quiet. By this Act, the playing of bands in the streets on Sunday is forbidden—and not only music, but other forms of industry. Pretty severe restrictions are imposed even on the fishermen. The object of the Act is to make Eastbourne especially attractive to visitors by stopping on Sunday the noise of the beach which renders seaside resorts offensive to many people. There is nothing in the Act exempting bands which are played from religious, or professedly religious, motives from its operations. Here, of course, is an excellent opening for the Salvation Army. If it can force its uproar upon Eastbourne in defiance of an explicit legal prohibition, it will have put its privilege to commit nuisances in the streets beyond dispute. Accordingly it began banging its drums and brass instruments about last June. With its accustomed cant, it set about saving the souls of the fishermen and other workmen who live in the east end of the town by turning their quarter into a pandemonium. The fashionable west end was for the most part left alone. But the Eastbourne fishermen were as little inclined to tolerate the noise as the visitors could have been. They have endeavoured in an orderly legal way to get rid of the restrictions imposed by the Sunday Act on themselves and have failed. Now they say that what is law for them should be law for the Salvation Army. They have protested, and the Town Council has properly supported them. There have been some of those riots which it is the regular policy of the Salvation Army to provoke, and some of the pseudo-religious street musicians have been arrested. On Saturday they in due course found their way to the assizes at Lewes.

Their case appears on the face of it a very simple one. As it came not before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, but before Mr. Justice HAWKINS, there seemed to be very little doubt that the Salvation Army would be told that it has no more privilege to refuse compliance with a law than the "conscientious anti-vaccinator." As a matter of fact, however, they lost nothing by the absence of their protector, Lord COLERIDGE. Mr. Justice HAWKINS did not proceed to try the offenders, but endeavoured to effect a compromise. An arrangement, he thought, might be made by which the Salvation Army would engage not to roam at large over Eastbourne on condition that it enjoyed some liberty. We understand this to mean that, if these rangers will only promise not to turn the Parade and the neighbourhood of the Cavendish and the Grand Hotels, where Mr. Justice HAWKINS might be enjoying a quiet Saturday to Monday, into a bear-garden, they shall have the right to perform their own version of hell broke loose among the fishermen and workpeople to their hearts' content, whether the said fishermen and workpeople like it or not. The learned judge also thought that it would be a good thing if the co-operation of the "Army" could be secured in the work of maintaining order. He further expressed an opinion that decisions on the cases then before the Court could not "settle the controversy." The upshot of it was the postponement of the cases on the understanding that Mr. Justice HAWKINS is to try them later on if no such compromise as he sketched is adopted. We doubt whether the newest judicial theory that the obligation to obey the law is contingent on the disposition of a sufficient number of noisy people to conform to it, though it has been often laid down of late, was ever more crudely enounced than it has been by Mr. Justice HAWKINS. Being mere Tories, we have no sympathy with the exclusive Liberal tenderness for people in black coats. We fail entirely to see why the fishermen are not to be

protected as well as Mr. Justice HAWKINS's friends at the Cavendish. To talk of asking for the co-operation of the "Army" in the maintenance of order is ignoble. It is the duty of the "Army" to co-operate with the other lieges by obeying the law. When they do not, they are to be punished, like other people. What Mr. Justice HAWKINS meant by saying that these cases could not "settle the controversy" we profess ourselves unable to understand. The infliction of a fine on people who refuse to vaccinate their children does not "settle the controversy." The anti-vaccinator repeats the offence, he is fined again, and all who follow his example are fined, as soon as they offend. Would Mr. Justice HAWKINS think it reasonable to promote peace by allowing the anti-vaccinator liberty not to vaccinate his children provided he lived in a limited district? At the rate at which the conversion of the Bench to advanced Liberal principles is going on, we shall possibly have this doctrine laid down from it before long. It is eminently satisfactory that the Town Council of Eastbourne has refused to accept any such compromise as that suggested by Mr. Justice HAWKINS. They stand for law, and intend to bring the matter to a test. They are acting wisely in their own interest, and in the interest of all. It is highly desirable that there should be one town in England where decent people, whether they wear frock-coats or the fisherman's jersey, are protected from insult by the "Army" with its advertising fanatics and its paid ranters.

The Report on the regulations adopted in foreign countries for the control of street musicians, just published, shows that we are extraordinarily lenient in our treatment of this nuisance. This is not the only country in which they enjoy complete freedom—at least in some districts. There are no regulations against them in the Pacific States of the Union. Poughkeepsie gives them their heads, and so do some other towns. But even in the United States this is the exception. Philadelphia found them a public nuisance, and decided to move them on long ago. Boston regulates them. New York licenses them on the understanding that they move on a block, or two hundred and fifty yards, when required, and also that they do not beg. Charleston kills them by a prohibitive tax of fifteen dollars a day, and will not tolerate organ-grinders with monkeys on any terms. Richmond endures its native nuisance, but protects him—and itself—from foreign competition. Chicago suppresses the street musician. Baltimore only tolerates him as part of a parade, which Mr. Consul SEGRAVE understands to mean "any number of citizens marching through the streets with any conceivable object in view." The rule in America is control or prohibition. In Europe all peoples are equally wise except ourselves. France has a code of regulations "concernant les saltimbanques, joueurs d'orgue, musiciens, et chanteurs ambulants." They are licensed under strict supervision of the police. In Vienna playing in the streets is forbidden, and in courtyards or public-houses it is only allowed of between midday, or on holidays 4 P.M., and sunset. In Italy the *Pubblica Sicurezza* keeps a strict eye on all who "exercise the trade of itinerant vendor or pedlar, selling matches, biscuits, sweetmeats, liqueurs, prints, or drawings . . . rag-merchants, rope-dancers, singers, players, brokers, or agents, guides, valets de place, porters, drivers, boatmen, and shoe-blacks." To judge by the number of Italians entitled to enjoy the attentions of the *Pubblica Sicurezza* at home, who find it more convenient to live at Hammersmith, we conclude that the vigilance of the police is tolerably strict. Russia excludes the foreign street musician from her sacred soil as rigidly as if he were the works of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, and will not endure even the native in Petersburg. Spain herself sets us an example. Madrid endures the guitar as a national instrument when played in the streets by licensed beggars, but "grinding organs have for the present been altogether suppressed, owing to the number of complaints which have been addressed to the Municipality by persons who regard them as an intolerable nuisance." Even when it did endure them it taxed them. Yet in this so-called free country people who find the organ-grinder an intolerable nuisance must endure him with a mere mockery of redress. We can move him on, that is all, and he moves next door, well within earshot. With what purpose HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY of STATE for FOREIGN AFFAIRS has collected his information we do not know, but we trust it is with the intention of introducing a great remedial measure. The lines of the Bill are, we think, clearly indicated by the example of foreign

lands. Total suppression would, perhaps, be too drastic a measure, but the plague might be controlled by licences and a graduated tax. Let all street musicians be bound to obtain a licence from the police, and wear a badge, and let the price of the badge be—for the harp, five shillings a year; for the organ, one guinea; for the brass band, ten pounds; for the bagpipes, fifty; for all bands professing to have a political object, twenty pounds a day, and for all professing to have a religious object, one hundred pounds. Let begging be forbidden, and let every "move on" be into the next parish. This Act would, we think, protect the reasonable freedom of the street musician, and yet defend the right of the unfortunate people with ears, whom he daily maddens, to be protected from torture.

THE CIRCUIT SYSTEM.

LORD COLERIDGE'S public expression of his dissatisfaction with the working of the circuit system has led, as might be expected, to a plentiful crop of suggestions for its reform. Nothing, however, could more strikingly illustrate the difficulty of this task than the singularly conflicting character of the proposals which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S letter has called forth. One reformer recommends, as an alternative to a milder plan, the heroic remedy of abolishing the assizes in civil cases altogether, and establishing Courts in the country with judges who should be members of the High Court of Justice and sit locally in appointed districts for the trial of all cases brought before them. Another is for restricting the assizes to "large centres only," and suspending London *nisi prius* work during their course, instead of pretending to combine the two, with results vexatious to London litigants and their witnesses. A third, who resembles the first in being a County Court judge, is so little in accord with the above-quoted suggestion of his, that he regards the administration of justice by fixed local judges as the one thing which it is the *crux* of the problem of providing a local administration of justice to avoid. He himself would avoid it by converting all County Court districts into "districts of the High Court," appointing all County Court judges to the office of "district judges of the High Court," and changing their districts by order of the Lord Chancellor every three years. This would obviate the drawback of that "too great local knowledge and consequent (unconscious) prejudice which attaches when 'there is a local judge.'" A detail of this scheme is that, as a recompense to existing and future district judges for the additional duties and "continual expense of moving," they should receive a large increase in their salaries, which should be raised from 1,500*l.* to 2,500*l.* a year.

This last suggestion—assuming the general scheme, of which it forms a part—ought certainly to meet with few objectors. Indeed, if it be true that the whole civil business of the assizes—"big cases" as well as little—might with propriety and safety be left to be disposed of by the highly respectable staff of existing County Court judges, the question would be, not whether the proposed addition should be made to the emoluments of their office, but whether the salaries at present payable to judges of the High Court should not themselves be cut down. No one, in fact, could consistently demur to this who does not believe that the average judicial capacity of a judge of the High Court is superior to that of a County Court judge; while those—a majority of the public, we apprehend—who do so believe may reasonably object to being compelled to submit every civil dispute, however important, which may happen to arise elsewhere than in the metropolis to a judge of the latter instead of the former order. To this dilemma, as it seems to us, or to some cognate form of it, all schemes for the establishment of local Courts of justice of co-ordinate authority with the civil side of the present assize Courts must necessarily lead. Either they would involve a wholesale and, as we think, injudicious reduction in the scale of the higher judicial salaries, or they would entail a large and an admittedly unnecessary addition to the total cost of the administration of justice. We say admittedly, because it is not alleged, even by the author of the proposal we have been discussing, that the existing civil litigation of the country, provincial and metropolitan taken together, is beyond the power of the existing staff of judges of the High Court. The fault lies in its arrangement and distribution, in the absence of any "provision for insuring that when judges are in the country

"they shall have anything to do," in the absurdities, in short, of that system by virtue of which a judge sitting in London was recently engaged for four days in "trying a dispute as to who should pay for the funeral of an old lady who had died, and was buried in Chester," while a judge, one of his learned brethren, may, on the other hand, be sent down to Chester to find nothing to employ him but the case of a man charged with stealing a leg of mutton or a pair of boots. What is wanted is, in the first place, some more effectual means of discriminating between petty and important cases, so as to insure that the latter only, and not the former, shall be set down for trial before a judge of assize; and, in the second place, a restriction of the far too wide discretion at present possessed by a plaintiff as regards the selection of a place of trial. There seems to be no reason whatever why, as Mr. PITT LEWIS suggests, an action brought in the High Court should not be compulsorily set down for trial in the county—as a County Court plaint is in the district—"where the defendant resided, or in which the cause of action wholly or in some material part arises, or in some adjacent county thereto," subject, of course, to a provision for removing it by order of a Master, on good cause shown, to "any county or place other than that directed by this rule."

"FOR THOUGHTS."

THE Walsall election is distinctly an event "for thoughts"; it is the pansy among recent electoral contests. Rosemary in such a connexion there is none; nothing is "for remembrance" by political parties which has to do with a defeat at the polls. But the party which is, for the moment, the victim of such a reverse may be induced, for a little while at any rate, to think; and it is with that object that we present the Walsall contest to the Gladstonians. In whatever way they look at it, and however they manipulate the figures—for, since the Gladstonians won, it would not help them even to make the two candidates exchange polls—the incident is one which peremptorily summons them to cease, for a time at any rate, from noisy jubilation over their anticipated triumph at the next general appeal to the constituencies, and to take a turn at quiet reflection once more. For Walsall is a borough which was regarded till a few days ago as a Gladstonian stronghold so plainly impregnable as not to be worth the cost of a siege. It has gone Liberal consistently for fifty years; it returned its late Liberal member in 1885 by a majority so overwhelming, that the Unionists let him "walk over" in 1886; it was contested by a Gladstonian who had the full benefit of the FORSTER influence, while the Unionist who opposed him was the self-same candidate whom Sir CHARLES FORSTER defeated in 1885 by no fewer than 1,677 votes. Yet when the ballot-papers were counted on Wednesday last, it was found that the Unionist, Mr. JAMES, was only 539 votes behind the Gladstonian, Mr. HOLDEN. The total poll was only some seven hundred more than 1885, but the Unionist vote showed an increase of nearly a thousand against a decline of a little over two hundred on the Gladstonian side.

Nothing, as we have said, is "for remembrance" in party politics; or there is, at least, one lesson which the election might be expected to print indelibly on the memory of the English Separatist. It is that the Home Rule cock has now peremptorily, positively, and finally refused to fight. His backers, to be just to them, have been indefatigable in doing the crowing for him, but all to no purpose. That much-vaunted game-bird will have no more on 't, and the Gladstonian "fancy" will have to look elsewhere for another champion. The best sportsmen among them have long suspected as much, and now the whole party must know the step to be inevitable. Walsall is a constituency in which the contingent of Irish voters is computed at upwards of a thousand; it is admitted on both sides that the Conservative candidate had the full benefit of this vote in 1885, when his adversary left him more than one thousand five hundred votes behind; it is assumed by Unionists, and not denied by the Gladstonians, that at the recent contest this vote went bodily over from the Unionist to the Gladstonian side. The question of Home Rule was prominently brought and persistently kept before the Walsall electors; it was declared by a not undistinguished member of Mr. GLADSTONE'S last Administration that the Walsall contest would "turn, like the general

"election," on Home Rule. Well, the result of that contest must mean, if it has any meaning at all, that not the election only, but the English Liberal electors, have "turned on Home Rule," and will have nothing to say to it or to its advocates. The deduction of a thousand votes from Mr. HOLDEN'S poll would leave him with twelve hundred less than Sir CHARLES FORSTER polled in 1885—a situation which strongly suggests the idea that Sir CHARLES FORSTER'S successor has simply exchanged twelve hundred English for a thousand Irish votes, and that hostility to Home Rule has further increased his adversary's poll by some six or seven hundred electors of either colour who did not take the trouble to vote at all in 1885. It seems difficult to believe that Gladstonians can any longer resist the conviction that the unsuccessful cry of 1886 will serve them even worse in 1892 or 1893, and that they must agree upon another—if agreement is possible among them on such a subject—with all expedition. But, whether they take to heart the lesson from the last election or no, the Unionist party must not fail to profit by theirs; and it is twofold. Its first branch is that, the more anxiously the Gladstonian thrusts the Home Rule question into the background for electioneering purposes, the more diligently must the Unionist impress upon the electors that this is the question which will come to the front and absorb all others, if they are foolish enough to restore Mr. GLADSTONE to power. The second half of the lesson, from Walsall, is that every Gladstonian constituency, however impregnable it may look, should be attacked, as Walsall itself undoubtedly might, and ought to, have been in the election of 1886.

MUSICAL CRITICISM AND MUSICAL CRITICS.

THIS is neither a challenge nor a war-whoop, but a string of remarks suggested by the present unsatisfactory state of musical criticism, or rather by a total absence of serious musical criticism nowadays. A note of alarm has been sounded more than once in this direction, and various and peculiar reasons have been assigned for the existing state of things. The principal of these we take to rest with the necessities of modern journalism and the exigencies of the sphere in which critics move. The thirst of the public for news, intimacy with authors, composers, performing artists, and respect for a position once conquered, preclude for critics the possibility of a conscientious and independent analysis. The public, it is said, wants an account of every fresh work on the morrow of its production. The performance being generally over about midnight, and the paper going to press about an hour later, what time has the critic to write a conscientious analysis? On the other side, how can he criticize somebody with whom he dines at the Club, whom he meets at a friend's house, or with whom he is on "dear-boy" terms?

Nor is this the only danger. A hurried *résumé* engenders a hasty opinion; that opinion becomes, as a matter of course, a final judgment (ever dangerous in the case of contemporaries); and, no matter how gross his mistake, the critic thinks it derogatory to his dignity to alter it; and, unless he forgets it altogether, he is prepared to stand or fall by it.

The real evil lies with the musical critics themselves. Criticism has been truly called "the physician of the intelligence." As the physician accepts every malady, so the critic must accept every manifestation in art. Observation, a statement of facts, an exposition of what has been and what is, and an analysis—that is his procedure. A sound technical education, the excellence of his organs and the subtlety of his intuition—these are his rules. Fair analysis is the aim of criticism, and objectiveness its essential condition.

How far from this high standard is the modern musical critic! In a recent English novel there is a young man whose chief occupation consists in breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the critics. The dramatic critics are the special object of his wrath; and, indeed, there seems to be a very pretty state of warfare maintained between these gentlemen and their natural foes, the unfortunate authors. But, whatever may be urged against the dramatic critics, they are perfect masters of their art as compared with musical ones. This undoubted superiority has led an eminent writer to the following explanation of the phenomenon:—"To sit in judgment on and to appreciate a literary production requires a certain degree of culture and a given sum of intelligence; a temperament is sufficient to enjoy music. One is brain-work, the other a regale for the senses." Quite so, and the deduction is clear, but it does not follow that people capable only of enjoying an art should be permitted to sit in judgment on it.

Though music is certainly, from among all branches of art, one of the purest sources of unalloyed delight, we entirely agree with that definition of it which describes it as "the art of moving by combinations of sounds intelligent people, gifted with special and well-practised organs"; or, as Berlioz has it, "La musique n'est pas faite pour tout le monde." If music is not made for everybody, one may also say that not everybody is made for music.

Given the alleged conditions of modern journalism, and the real or feigned avidity of the public for information and fresh news, one could excuse lack of method and style in a hasty article; given the liberty of opinion, one cannot quarrel with a wrong one or even a fad, provided both are sincere and backed by reasons. But what excuse shall invoke the young man who calls Beethoven's Fifth Symphony the *Eroica*, or speaks of somebody's "expressive vocalization," or of somebody else having "speeded through the Adagio movement"? What sense is there in using foreign words without understanding their meaning or knowing how they are spelled? Why handle technical terms that are all Greek to the person using them? What on earth is meant, for instance, by M. Jean de Reszke's splendid vocalization in *Lohengrin*? To vocalize means to sing exercises without naming the notes and on one vowel, but we are not aware that there is any call for the display of this accomplishment in *Lohengrin*. Evidently, vocalization is meant here for the art of singing; vocalization is singing, but singing is not vocalization, *teste* Gayarré, who was a marvellous singer, but who could not "do" a scale, or Mme. Escalais, who has a remarkable execution, but who is no singer. It is easy to understand; only one has to know it.

Another good phrase is:—Mr. So-and-so indulged in an excessive use of the *tremolo*. One may just as well say that he indulged in an excessive use of an influenza. *Tremolo* is a vice and a disease of the voice, and is caused by a variety of factors—the forcing of the voice, deepening it too much, opening beyond measure, old age, ill-health, fatigue, an unsuitable part, and what not. It is no secret; only one has to know that as well.

Here is a gem where in two lines a foreign technical word is wrongly used, wrongly spelled, and where altogether an utter ignorance of the subject treated is displayed. Quoth one, comparing Signor Tamagno's and M. Jean de Reszke's *Otello*:—"What care we if we miss the startling *uts de poitrine* that nearly broke the tympanum of our ear at the Lyceum?" The italics are in the original, and are meant probably for French; only *ut* has no plural termination—one says in French *un ut, des ut*. Besides, with the exception of one high C (p. 225, bar 1st, of the Italian vocal score), which is merely a *nota di striscio*, there is not one *ut* in the whole rôle of *Otello*, and consequently nothing to break the tympanum with. The musical critic (?) here evidently either thought that *ut de poitrine* means any high note, or else he has not read the score of *Otello*. Anyhow, he has done well as *abschreckendes Beispiel*.

But what takes the cake, as they say in sporting papers, is the following extract from a weekly contemporary, where the critic is not pressed for time or ground down by the exigencies of modern journalism:—"The utility of analytical programmes is being abundantly demonstrated at the London Symphony Concerts. By doing without them, Mr. Henschel is only making manifest how indispensable they are for the comprehension, or, at any rate, the appreciation of unfamiliar works. The other night it was an overture of Tschajkowsky's that suffered for want of a little explanation, and now an entr'acte from Weber's posthumous opera, *The Three Pintos*, heard for the first time on Tuesday night, must pass with the barest of notice, because the programme told us nothing about it." (The italics are ours.) Shades of Schumann and Berlioz! The London critic of to-day does not go to hear the music, but to read the analytical programme. Without that assistance, he cannot comprehend or appreciate what he hears. He cannot say anything about it, in fact, because he has not been told what to say. No doubt this is quite true; but to openly admit it throws a flood of light upon the estimation in which the critic holds his own office. The analytical programme might be supposed to exist for the benefit of the amateur, who does not pretend to know much about music, beyond "what he likes or dislikes." But that is quite a mistake; it is really for the instruction of the professional critic, who is all at sea without it, and being afraid to say anything for fear of exposing himself, is obliged to take refuge in silence.

If fair analysis is the aim of musical criticism, and objectiveness its cardinal condition, the *raison d'être* of the whole thing is in the influence of criticism on public opinion. It is a common saying that the public is the best judge; it would be more correct to say that the public has become the best judge.

A public, like every crowd, is a malleable collectivity whose mind can be guided at pleasure by a powerful hand. One day a handful of policemen stop at Westminster Bridge and disperse 4,000 rioters on their way to Trafalgar Square; another time, the

mighty voice of a statesman sets Europe ablaze; yet another time a few lines from the pen of a great poet achieve more than years of patient canvassing. Whenever the crowd is left to itself it is sure in nine cases out of ten to go wrong, and the errors of the public would furnish an interesting list. But whenever there is nobody to guide its steps or educate its taste, the public has to perform the office as best it can, and forms its own judgment; as a matter of fact, the "likes and dislikes" of the plain man are worth more than the ramblings of an uneducated would-be specialist. It has come to that in musical matters, and the naked truth is that, owing to the decadence in the art of criticism, its influence on public opinion is *nil*.

Our chief concern here is the serious analysis of new works, but there is yet another important branch of musical criticism; that dealing with performing artists. We leave this alone purposely, for the genius that creates is of greater moment to us than the talent that interprets it. It may be said, however, that the same want of knowledge is to be met with in this department of musical criticism as in the other. But it does not much matter, after all, for the advance of art, whether Joachim is called violinist or cellist, Edouard de Reszke bass or baritone, or Giulia Ravogli mezzo-soprano or contralto.

There are, of course, exceptions in all cases. We have described a general state of things, and no doubt among musical critics there certainly are accomplished musicians, honourable men and competent writers, and every critic who happens to read this is hereby invited to do, what he certainly will—inscribe his own name on the list of exceptions. Then nobody will feel hurt. But if every musical critic were to make a list of such exceptions, how many names besides his own would there be on it?

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

THE Parliamentary Paper recently issued on the anti-foreign riots in China brings out strongly in relief the fact, which has long been obvious to those acquainted with China, that the foreign relations with that country have for some time past been on a most unsatisfactory footing. There has gradually been growing up a hostile attitude on the part of the Mandarins and people which, far from being the result of any unfriendly action on the part of foreigners, has coincided with a disposition to conciliate the Chinese which has exceeded the bounds, not only of necessity, but of reason. The facts connected with the outbreaks are so recent that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them, but the lessons which they teach may well be emphasized for the benefit of a public who are only too apt to ignore the importance of everything Oriental.

It is an unfortunate circumstance that, however much the Chinese may assert to the contrary, the Government is essentially anti-foreign in its sympathies. This attitude has affected the conduct of the provincial officials, and has permeated through them to the people at large. From being pelted in the streets of the capital, foreigners have been murdered at the ports, and though the indignation which is now felt at the recent conduct of the Chinese mobs is righteous enough, it is as well to remember that, if a firm policy had been adopted at the first, we should not now have been called upon to demand redress for the murder of two of our countrymen. As Lord Salisbury says in his dispatch (July 22, 1891) to Sir John Walsham, our Minister at Peking, the Foreign Office "has been informed by Consular officers recently returned from China of a growing tendency amongst the Chinese population to think that the simplest way of stopping any foreign movement or institution which they disliked was a resort to popular outbreak and violence, which they believe would have no unpleasant result to themselves, and would merely entail payment of a certain pecuniary indemnity by the Government."

This exactly describes the condition of affairs. The Government has not hesitated to encourage the people to resort to stone-throwing and insult, both at Peking and at the ports, entirely forgetting that those who sow the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind. The time has now come when these wingers at sedition find themselves face to face with a disturbing force of their own raising which they are powerless to control. Their position is unquestionably one of great peril. They have encouraged the people to condemn foreigners, and they are now called upon by their international obligations to, apparently, side with the hated foreigners against their own subjects. How great is the contempt felt for those who take the part of the foreigners may be gauged by the contents of the proclamation which was posted by the rioters at Wuhu, after the outbreak at that port. The writers, after accusing the foreigners of the indecent assembly of men and women at the services in church, reassert the oft-repeated charges against the missionaries of having murdered children to make

medicine of their eyes, and then, after instancing an entirely imaginary case, go on to say, "The barbarians, with their thieving conscience stricken, and their hearts fluttering, bribed the petty military Mandarin, Yao, with 40 taels, who accordingly despatched forty soldiers to keep guard over the church's entrance. Swords were freely used on those who attempted to enter. A Chinese official, indeed! rendering barbarians help to injure his countrymen!"

This is the attitude which the people will take towards the Government when they find that its forces are arrayed against them and in favour of the foreigners. Hence the urgent appeal which the Chinese Minister made recently at the Foreign Office that Lord Salisbury "should instruct Sir John Walsham not to show undue impatience or feeling with regard to the matter." It will be noticed that the scenes of the riots are in those districts in which the Taiping rebels were strongest, and it is well known that the feelings which actuated those revolutionists still linger to a very large extent on the shores of the Yangtze-kiang. This element might at any time become dangerous, and the Government is, as Sir John Walsham writes (June 21), "powerless to deal with the situation." It is possible that, with the help, which will be forthcoming, of the foreign fleets, order will for the moment be restored. Without that help, there is only one man in the Empire who is powerful enough to command the obedience of the people, and that is Li Hung-chang. He has the entire command of the most powerful portion of the Chinese navy and of the only formidable army. But which side would he take in case of a formidable rising against the present Manchu dynasty? In the case of the Taiping rebellion the Government succeeded in inducing the foreign Powers to lend their aid for its suppression. The Emperor's advisers had lately yielded much and had promised more; and on the faith of this attitude they gained from the foreign Powers all that they chose to ask. But how have they managed affairs lately? They have presented a persistently opposing front to everything foreign, and have only given way when the weight of compulsion has exceeded their power of resistance. Meanwhile they have allowed Li Hung-chang to pose as the enlightened patron of progress and the friend of foreigners. He is known as the one advocate for administrative reform and for the introduction of railroads and of steamers in the inland waters.

In these changed circumstances, what would be the attitude of the European Powers in case of a fresh rebellion against the Government? and what would be the attitude of Li Hung-chang?

OUTLANDISH INSECTS.

THIRTY-TWO years ago in Rome they were excavating a church of the fifth century. It is now one of the sights; but permission to descend was not readily granted in 1858. The church—or rather the crypt—was dark as a coal-mine, still half-buried in soil and rubbish; but heavy pillars lining the aisle had been cleared. As we stood by one of these, whilst our cicerone dilated after his manner, something flashed down from the pitchy darkness overhead, and paused full in the candlelight beside us, at the level of our eyes. It was visible as distinctly as could be from a distance of three feet at the utmost—an insect half the size of one's fist, white as wax, with long legs gathered in a bunch, crouching on the stone. The workman who held the candle had his back turned, unfortunately, and the creature vanished upwards in another flash as he faced about. When the general agitation was explained to him he showed no surprise, but glanced round uncomfortably, and moved away. The diggers, it appeared, had beheld this portent several times, but they were by no means reconciled to it. Stronger nerves would be tried by that uncanny apparition in a black vault. Frescoes and sculptures of the fifth century no longer commanded our attention. In brief, we hurried to the upper air, the cicerone, very pale, heading our retreat. Now, this little story may seem not worth telling to the men of science. They have classified the subterranean monster long ago, perhaps, and keep specimens of him on cork. Our knowledge of entomology is confined to those practical observations which are forced upon a traveller. Italian *savants* had already written of the mysterious insect at that time, for Mr. Bonham, Consul at Naples, treasured a long article upon the subject; containing little more precise, however, so far as our recollection goes, than is here set down. Nobody seemed to have examined it then, at all events. It looked like a spider, but far too big for any European species dwelling in the open air.

There is a fearful creature in South Africa which also dwells, they say, in deserted buildings—perhaps because the Kaffir housewife would give him no peace. They have nothing to learn from missionary ladies in the matter of keeping their houses clean—

especially the Basuto tribe. This doleful beast is called the Tompan; it seems to be rare. We met with it but once when the Griqua chief, Jantje, denied us better shelter than a ruined hut, though rain had been falling for twelve hours in sheets. He was hanged afterwards—not, perhaps, as a judgment for his behaviour towards us; but the fact may be noted incidentally with pious reverence. Unlike other bloodsuckers, the Tompan is protected by scales of extraordinary hardness, and curls itself up like the ugly but innocent woodlouse, which it resembles in size and general appearance. No plague that walketh in darkness compares with this; by-the-bye, Wycliff used the word "Bug" in his version of the famous text. All that night there was a sound as of hail in the shanty, caused by these awful creatures dropping from the rafters on us, and missing their aim, or by the rattle of their stony carcasses on the wall when hurled with our utmost strength. Marbles are scarcely harder. We had not dared to take off our boots, fearing that Jantje's sullen crew might seek diversion in robbery and murder when they had finished the hymn which employed them half the night. They refused us a candle, and we had no matches. Nothing could be found by groping in the dark to crush the Tompans with, for a revolver, with a ring in the butt, is very ill-suited for operations of this kind. Therefore our description must be vague, confined to such limits as the sense of feel can give. Within those limits, however, we made ten thousand observations probably before the dawn was heralded by a new hymn, from the women and children this time, a foul and sinister crowd. A striking contrast all round those clumsy "Bastards" make to the clean, bright Basutos.

It is an eternal mystery—to the unscientific, at least—how all such vermin, which live apparently on blood, contrive to exist under their usual circumstances. They do not seem fitted to prey on other insects. You may observe a harvest-field actually alive with fleas in southern Europe. In the woods of the Asiatic Tropics mostly there is a leech to every foot of ground. One may find one's clothes dusted with young garrapatas in Central America as thick as flour on a miller's coat, and one may kill so many mosquitos in a mangrove swamp of the Far East by clapping the hands together that one feels the thickness of their crushed carcasses. Not one in millions among these pests ever gets the chance to taste blood. It is said, indeed, that the leeches congregate upon a path; even if this be true, the other plagues have no such instinct. That any quadruped manages to live in the American Tropics is another puzzle to those who have practical acquaintance with the garrapata. It has been mentioned how innumerable are the swarms of young, each of which grows day by day until, within the month, it becomes as large as a ladybird, its vile snout remaining in the flesh where first planted, sucking without intermission. The most brutal of riders examines his horse every day; for, if he neglect that precaution, the animal breaks down promptly. But cattle are not thus looked after; how do they protect themselves? It is often remarked as curious that so little game is found in Mexico and the lands to southward, which might carry ten myriads of deer for every one that grazes their savannahs. Those who feel surprise do not grasp the significance of the garrapata. The real wonder is that any animal survives in their domain. It may be supposed that an hereditary instinct counsels some favoured specimens to avoid the thickets where he dwells.

The negua, or Jigger, an inhabitant of these same shores, is commonly regarded as a joke. But if it gain a lodgment unperceived, and establish itself, frightful consequences ensue. Everybody has his or her feet examined every day; but when nothing comes of it after some months a stranger is apt to grow tired of the ceremony. Thus one morning, roused by the chill of dawn, we drew up our rug—entangled our feet in its folds—and screamed out suddenly with a pang as sharp and as enduring as the human frame could bear. Our feather-headed boy looked very grave as he set to work with his needle in dead silence. The next half hour is not to be described in a paper that circulates among the young and guileless. Finally, two balls were extracted, black and polished, about the size of marbles; a few minutes more and they must have burst, no doubt, with consequences not to be imagined without dismay. These were the egg-bags of two neguas, containing many thousand young, that would have started operations each on his own account forthwith. It is still amazing that such big objects could remain in the flesh without discovery for weeks. But they lay just under the instep, and thus escaped pressure in walking.

There is an interesting spider in those parts which fancies the long hair of a mule's or horse's fetlock as a lining for its subterranean den. Accordingly, it sallies out at night, creeps up some grazing animal's leg, and shears off the material required. Steady movements do not rouse its temper; but, if the victim stamp or kick, it gives a savage bite—always near the rim of the

hoof. Forthwith the pastern swells, and ulcerations appear in the morning. If it be a mule or horse of little value, the owner shoots it for the skin; if worth keeping, he ties it up in his courtyard, and it will not rise to its feet until the hoof has rotted off and a new one has formed—twelve months at least. Incredible souls are always unwilling to admit this legend; for a spider which can use its jaws as scissors seems an improbable sort of insect. Even a bishop's corroboration did not satisfy us; but once upon a time we saw a fine mule which had suffered in this manner. It had been lying on its side for an indefinite number of months, and the hoof was just beginning to harden. Spiders are always curious. One of the very prettiest objects in nature is that crab-like species which inhabits the Central African plateau. Its carapace, an inch and a half perhaps in breadth, three-quarters of an inch long, is of the loveliest pale yellow, gracefully scalloped, edged with blue and touched at the indents with purple. Some officers collected a number of these during the Ashanti expedition, designing to make a bracelet; exquisitely pretty it would have been, like the daintiest enamel. But they turned black and lost their polish in a few days. West Africa also possesses the most terrible of spiders, a being so foul and malignant that no reptile compares with it for horror. It dwells in the woods, but by one chance or another it too often finds its way into dwellings. This is called the tarantula; with legs spread, it covers a dinner-plate, clothed in pretty fur very like a tabby cat's. Its beak is the shape of a parrot's, and the size of a sparrow's; the venom of it fatal to women and children—often to strong men, as the natives say. Its paws end in suckers, clinging so tight that they must be picked off when the legs have been cut away. They say that the brute springs a great distance, and alights with its suckers together in a bunch; the frightful beak is inserted quick as thought, and no human strength can move that hideous excrescence. It seems unlikely that a creature which has no claws, but holds on by expelling the air under its feet, could jump; but, after studying the tarantula, one inclines to believe any fiendish habit attributed to it. A magnificent, but comparatively harmless, spider of the West Coast, almost as big, spins a web twelve feet or more in diameter, so strong as to inconvenience the traveller who walks into it. This species is finely marked in black and yellow. Mole-crickets are found in Europe, even in England, as we have heard, but in those regions they abound. Two or three of these unpleasant creatures may fall upon one every night in some districts of West Africa. They are understood to be vastly curious in habits as in structure; but there is no insect more disconcerting than this as a bedfellow—vague of shape, its head and tail imperfectly defined, scuttling with mysterious briskness upon undistinguishable legs. The West African species is little less than three inches in length.

Of scorpions and centipedes, ants and flies, we would not speak. It may be news to some entomologists, however, that white ants bite very sharply when they get the chance; and that scorpions love a picture frame at the moment when they change their hides. We remember seeing dozens of empty cases, stuck between the glass and the print, on the walls of an old fort in the Far East.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Board of Trade Returns for July and for the first seven months of the current year unfortunately leave little room for doubt that the crisis through which Western Europe has now so long been passing has at last unfavourably affected our trade. It would be strange, indeed, if the fact were not so. There has been a great shock to credit; leading bankers of all kinds at home and abroad limit the accommodation they give to their customers; at the same time there has been an almost complete breakdown in South America, rendering merchants there unable to continue their business upon the old scale; and more recently several South European countries have been losing credit and becoming less and less able to buy as freely as they formerly did. In addition to all this we have had the McKinley tariff imposed in the United States, followed immediately by an election which seemed to show that popular opinion entirely disapproves of the tariff, and, therefore, that there will be a change in the fiscal policy of the country before very long. Thus, in two ways trade is disorganized in the United States. As a matter of course, our own commerce is most immediately affected as regards the exports. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures in the month of July was a little under 22,000,000*l.*, showing a decrease of considerably more than 2½ millions, or somewhat over 9½ per cent. For the first seven months of the year the value of the exports slightly exceeded 146 millions, showing a decrease of somewhat under 6 millions, or about 3½ per cent. As the crisis originated with the troubles of some of our best

customers, it was natural that it was in their inability to continue buying from us that its effects should first be felt. For the first half of the current year we have in the ninth part of the returns the figures showing the value of the exports to the several foreign countries. Thus to the Argentine Republic for the first half of this year they slightly exceeded in value $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, against 4,652,000*l.* in the first half of last year. It will be seen that the falling off in our exports to the Argentine Republic is not very much under 50 per cent. There is even a greater proportional falling off in our exports to Uruguay. For the first half of the current year their value amounted to 587,000*l.* In the first half of last year they were nearly 1,148,000*l.* The proportionate decrease is, therefore, greater. Both the Argentine Republic and Uruguay are in a state of almost universal bankruptcy. The national, provincial, and municipal Governments are insolvent. So are the banks, ordinary and mortgage, and so, unfortunately, are a large proportion of the trading and agricultural classes. It is a matter of course, therefore, that the purchases of those countries from the United Kingdom should have greatly fallen off. Chilean purchases of our goods have likewise decreased, having been this year 951,000*l.*, against 1,488,000*l.* in the corresponding half of last year; but Brazilian purchases have increased from 3,388,000*l.* in the first half of last year to 4,330,000*l.* in the first half of this year. Unfortunately, the increase is mainly due to a feverish speculation. Altogether the falling off in the exports from this country to South America is very considerable. Our trade with the United States apparently has not suffered so much, as we explained a month ago. The eagerness of tin-plate manufacturers in this country and of tin-plate importers in the United States to get as much as possible into the country before the new tariff took effect neutralized to a large extent, in the first half of the year, the effect of the McKinley tariff; but henceforward there will be, no doubt, a great falling off in our exports to the United States. There is a falling off too in our exports to the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, and to Italy; but New South Wales has taken more of our goods, and Roumania has bought nearly twice as much as in the first half of last year. Turning now to the imports, we find that the value fell off in the month of July about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. compared with July of last year, while for the seven months of the year there was a falling off of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Roumania and Egypt sent to us a very much larger quantity than in last year, the imports into this country from Roumania having risen from 832,000*l.* in the first half of last year to 2,381,000*l.* this year, and those from Egypt having risen from 3,784,000*l.* to 5,103,000*l.* But the imports from Spain fell from 6,143,000*l.* to 5,253,000*l.*; and, strange to say, the imports from the Argentine Republic increased from 1,633,000*l.* to 1,906,000*l.* The explanation is that the crops this year in the Argentine Republic have been good, that the people are compelled to economize in every way they can, that they are selling as much as they possibly can do without, and are buying as little as is possible under the circumstances. The exports from the Argentine Republic thus are increasing at the very time that the imports are falling off so immensely.

During the week ended Wednesday night the withdrawals of gold from the Bank slightly exceeded the receipts; but still the Bank is stronger than it has been for a long time past at this season of the year, and the joint-stock banks are also very much stronger. The supply of loanable capital in the market, therefore, is far in excess of the demand, and rates continue unsatisfactorily low. Speculation continues utterly paralysed. The impression is growing very much stronger, and is confirmed by the interview a *New York Herald* representative has had with the Governor of the Bank of England, that the crisis in London is now drawing rapidly to a close. No further serious failures are expected; but still there is an utter unwillingness to engage in new risks, and whatever speculation there is, is for the fall rather than the rise. Abroad there is no symptom yet of marked improvement. The Argentine Government has proposed to Congress a Bill allowing a new issue of inconvertible paper notes for the purpose of winding up the present National Bank and starting a new one. Whatever the object, it is clear that the issuing of new notes must aggravate the situation. The present notes are at a heavy discount. If the quantity is greatly augmented, the discount must increase, not only because of the larger number issued, but because, if the Government once contradicts its promise not to issue new notes, there is no certainty where the fresh issues will end. In Uruguay matters are only slightly better than in the Argentine Republic; and the civil war in Chili seems as far from an end as ever. In Portugal the crisis has not yet come to its acutest stage, but matters are very dangerous. And now the Russian Government confesses that the crops are a failure by issuing a ukase forbidding the export of rye. How the Berlin and Paris Bourses will be affected by the difficulties of Russia, and whether those difficulties will be aggravated by political

troubles, nobody can yet foresee. But it is evident that the ukase is a fresh reason why every one should be cautious in engaging in new risks. Therefore the demand for money is unusually small. At the Stock Exchange settlement this week the rates charged borrowers ranged from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and the discount rate in the open market is barely $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

The price of silver has been as low as $45\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce most part of the week, but on Thursday recovered to $45\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce. The Indian demand is very small, and is likely to continue so. The distress in Madras is serious. And it is possible that the drought in other districts may make it impossible to export as much wheat as at one time was calculated upon. In America the troubles of the Stock Exchange make it impossible for those interested in silver to conduct a large speculation; and in Europe, as we have just been saying, nobody is venturesome enough to engage in new risks.

At the Stock Exchange settlement this week, it was shown that speculation is now mainly for the fall. Most Home Railway stocks were scarce—that is to say, people had undertaken to deliver what they did not possess, and had to submit to pay a fine for permission to postpone delivery for another fortnight. Several inter-Bourse securities were also scarce. And the rates of continuation charged in the American market were unusually light, especially considering the fall in some of the speculative descriptions, and the consequently disorganized state of the market. All this is a source of strength, for some day or other those who have sold what they did not possess will have to buy back to fulfil their contracts. But at present there is such a fear of engaging in new risks that the speculative sellers are very bold. All through the week unfavourable rumours respecting the Union Pacific Company have continued to circulate. There is no question that the floating debt is large, and, it being reported that the Company is pressed to settle the debt, fears have been excited that a receiver may have to be appointed. At one time in consequence the price fell in this market to 33*l.* The highest price reached at the end of April was about 53*l.*, so that in about $3\frac{1}{2}$ months there has been a fall of nearly 40 per cent. in the shares of this Company. There has since been some slight recovery, and probably the fall will be followed by as rapid a rise by-and-bye. The whole American department has been affected more or less by the great break in Unions, yet considerable firmness has been displayed. The foreign department has this week been mainly affected by the Russian ukase forbidding the export of rye. As Germany will be more injured than any other country, the Berlin Bourse at once gave way when the ukase became known, and there was a heavy fall in the rouble. The weakness in Berlin caused a corresponding weakness in the other Bourses, and the foreign department in London shares in the feeling. Home Railway stocks, too, have been somewhat depressed.

Compared with a week ago Home Government funds are a small fraction better, and the department for high-class securities is favourably influenced by cheap money. India rupee descriptions have further receded owing to the lower price of silver. There has been an unsteady tone for European Government securities, and a weak tendency more particularly for Greek, which are more than fractionally lower, and for securities internationally dealt in. Egyptian Unified have fallen $\frac{1}{2}$, and Hungarian, Italian, Russian, Spanish, and Turkish issues have fallen on an average $\frac{1}{2}$. Distrust of the position in Paris and Berlin, the failure of an important banking firm in Trieste, and the prohibition of the export of rye from Russia, have contributed to the feeling of nervousness prevailing in the foreign department. South American securities have been fairly steady, with the exception of some violent movements in Uruguayan bonds. The Six per Cents, after rising to 41, an advance of about 4, reacted to 38. Argentine descriptions have been quiet. The gold premium has fluctuated between 305 and 290, recovering again to a point or so over 300. Steady investment business in Home Railway stocks has lifted prices of the better-class dividend securities, but there has been a special weakness of Scotch stocks on adverse dividend rumours, and selling for North of England account. Brighton Deferred stock receded $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, and recovered nearly the whole of the fall, but has again relapsed. A more than fractional rise was shown in Great Eastern on the adjustment of the settlement, and the scarcity of stock. The closing price was only $\frac{1}{2}$ higher than a week ago. The feature in the American market has been the violent movement in Union Pacific shares. These closed last week at 37*l.*, and have since been down at 33*l.*, rallying to about 35*l.* The last day or two the general list of active American shares has developed strength, with a particular inquiry for some of the low-priced descriptions, including Erie, Wabash, and Atchison issues. Louisville shares after further declining have regained nearly all the loss, and in some cases prices are decidedly

higher than a week ago. Included in the movement is a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in Milwaukee shares and an improvement of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in Canadian Pacifics. Grand Trunk of Canada issues showed a small fractional movement. Mexican Railway descriptions have been depressed, the Preferences falling 4 to 5, and the Ordinary about 2. Nitrate Railway shares and securities have been in demand, Primitiva shares advancing from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$, and falling back to $7\frac{1}{2}$. Spanish Copper shares have been weak. There was a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in the Beers Diamond shares, and a sharp recovery and actual advance in price compared with a week ago.

NON OLET.

CONSIDERING the nonsense talked about chewing and smoking opium, it may be well to show where, how, and under what conditions the poppy is grown in India, and how its produce is manufactured. When a member of the House of Commons can boldly assert that Indian famines would not be heard of if land occupied by the poppy were given over to wheat, it may be as well to take a short survey of the area and process of this peculiar cultivation.

Excluding Malwa and other native States, the tract of British territory in which the poppy can be cultivated with profit comprises several districts of Behar and Benares. Roundly speaking, it is about six hundred miles in length by two hundred in breadth. The cultivation and manufacture are superintended by two well-paid Civil Servants, called Opium Agents. One has his headquarters at Patna for Behar, and the other at Ghazipur for the Benares Province. Each of these Agents has under him a numerous and highly-qualified staff of officials, English and native; and all the operations, from the first step of advancing money to each individual cultivator down to the testing, weighing, and packing of the manufactured drug for export to Calcutta, are conducted with the minute attention to detail and the regard for the rights and interests of all parties which are the invariable characteristics of the Indian Government in its function of monopolist and employer of labour. According to a system well understood in India, Government deals directly with each individual cultivator. This person has a vested interest in his own holding; he thoroughly understands his own business; and he is at liberty to select and vary his crops without any reference to the wishes, dictation, or fancies of the superior landlord. With him, therefore, the various agents of the Opium Department have their dealings. The contract is made every year. No one is bound to renew it at the end of the twelvemonth, unless he find it to his advantage. But it has been found expedient and equitable to conduct the negotiation with a dozen or score of cultivators through one Ryot more substantial and solid than the others. This man is called a *khatadar*. He gets hold of a number of his friends and neighbours on whose husbandry he can rely, and the formal engagement is then made and attested with each man. This takes place about August or September in every year. The quantity of land which each Ryot sets apart for the poppy has been much exaggerated. In one of the most important districts of the Behar Agency, it has not amounted to half an English acre or about one native *bigah* per man. When the contract has been signed, the Ryot gets an immediate advance of four rupees. A second and similar advance is made when the land has been sown; and a third when the actual produce can be roughly estimated. From October to March is the busy agricultural time. The land once sown must be carefully weeded and watered. The seed has been scattered broadcast in November. The surface is then smoothed, not by a harrow, as we might suppose, but by a rough instrument called a *chauki*. It is really a flat plank, with a groove on the underside, on which the agriculturist stands to give it weight as it is dragged, so as to break the clods. It is often drawn by a pair of bullocks. When the seed has sunk into the earth and the surface has been smoothed, the plot is divided into small compartments of about ten square feet, with raised sides, for the purpose of irrigation. If no rain falls in the cold season, between December and January, irrigation from wells must be resorted to frequently. If copious showers fall before or after Christmas, two or three waterings may be sufficient. The soil must, however, be constantly stirred to prevent caking. The young plants must be thinned, and the whole be kept free from weeds. The poppy enjoys no immunity from agricultural visitations and pests. It is liable to injury from exceptional and unseasonable heat, deficient moisture, frost at night, blight, and armies of parasites. In February, as a rule, the plant is in full flower, and has attained the height of three or four feet. Each stem has from two to five capsules of the size of a duck's egg. And now comes the important operation of the

collection of the juice. Previous to the piercing of the capsules for this object, the petals of the flower which now begin to fall off are carefully collected. They are formed into circular cakes of about ten to fourteen inches in diameter, and put into shallow earthen vessels, which are heated over a slow fire. These cakes are eventually used as shells or coverings for the drug itself. They are divided into three classes. The best sort is that which is free from brown spots or marks of grubs; the second and third are more or less patchy and dark, but they form excellent envelopes for the drug itself.

The collection of the juice to form the drug is a very delicate and difficult piece of work. On it may depend the success or failure of the whole season. By the end of January in some districts, and at latest by the middle of February, the Ryot finds that the capsules have reached their highest development. In the afternoon he visits his poppy-field, and scarifies each capsule from top to base with a curious instrument which is called a *nushtur*, and in some districts a *naharni*. Properly a *nushtur* is a lancet, but it is something quite different from the surgeon's instrument. It consists of four narrow bars of iron, each of six inches in length, and about the thickness of a penknife. Each bar is notched at one end. The whole four are kept together by strong cotton thread, and they present the appearance of four pairs of curved, pointed, diverging blades, bearing a sort of resemblance to the blades of a cupper's scarificator. Armed with this formidable weapon, the agriculturist proceeds to make divers scarifications of the capsule from top to bottom, using one blade at a time; and this is followed up in some instances by a horizontal cutting. The juice at once begins to exude; milky white at first, but afterwards assuming a pinkish tinge. The exudation continues during the night. If there is no wind and abundance of dew, the return is favourable. A westerly wind and a cloudy atmosphere diminish the yield. At an early hour the next morning the Ryot again repairs to his field and collects the thickened juice from the capsules by means of another instrument called a *situka*. It is a sort of scraper made of sheet iron, and resembles a concave trowel. The inspissated juice collected with these indigenous tools is now emptied into an earthenware pot, and the Ryot is expected to expose the same every day to the air, but not to the sun; to turn over the mass daily so as to ensure its being thoroughly dried; to keep it free from impurities or adulteration; and to bring it up to the highest standard of consistence and strength. When he has persevered with this process for the space of three weeks or a month, he delivers the raw opium at the factory. The manufacture and packing are separate branches to be treated of hereafter.

One or two other episodes in the cultivation may now be mentioned. From the juice when first collected, and when it presents the appearance of a wet granular mass, there is found to exude a dark fluid very much like coffee in colour. This is called *pussava*. It contains many of the active principles of the drug, especially its resin. But it is not the genuine article. Some say that its retention injures the opium in the Chinese market. Others deny this, but assume that it interferes with the accuracy of the test of true opium. It is also alleged that it facilitates adulteration. But, whatever be the explanation, it has to be dealt with separately, and it is kept apart and is paid for by the officials of the department at one half the price of the standard opium; that is, at one rupee and a half for the *ser* of 2 lbs.

Besides the collected petals which form the envelope of the drug, and the coffee-coloured *pussava* just mentioned, the Ryot has other sources of profit in the poppy. The stems and leaves of the plant are left till they become thoroughly dried up under the hot winds of April and May. They are then removed, broken up into a coarse powder, and used for the packing of the cakes. In the technical language of the department this powder is known by the expressive term of "trash." But nothing is wasted or lost. The Ryot looking to the factory for payment for the petals converted into paste, for the *pussava* or dark fluid, for the dried leaves and stems called "trash," and for the standard drug, is at liberty to make a profit out of the seeds and the oil which they yield. The seeds are like carraways and are sold as comfits. The oil is used for cooking and lighting. And after the extraction of the oil a dry cake remains which is given to cattle or sold for medicinal purposes. The main return, however, is from the genuine drug, of which the best specimens should contain seventy parts of dry opium to thirty of water.

Now, what are the results of this monopoly by the Government on the comfort and prosperity of the Ryot? In the first place, the Ryot receives advances for a crop which he has not put into the ground, at a time of the year when such accommodation is very convenient. With the exception of indigo, the cultivation of which is almost entirely in the hands of English capitalists, and one or two other of the higher products, there is no other staple crop of which the like can be said. No pressure is brought

on the peasantry to induce them to make a contract with Government. Practically the tendency has been in the opposite direction. Government has found it expedient to limit the area of cultivation, to the chagrin and disappointment of the Ryot. Generally speaking the lands selected for the poppy lie in the neighbourhood of the village where they can be most conveniently manured and irrigated. No rotation of crops is insisted on, but the Ryot is simply recommended to give the land a season's rest from the poppy; and he naturally varies it by a bread grain called *muroa* which he grows for his own consumption, or by Indian corn. It is said that, were the poppy cultivation altogether discontinued, its place might be occasionally taken by the sugarcane. Then the accounts are settled and cleared at the close of every season. Bad balances are not allowed to accumulate, to weigh down the cultivator, and to keep him in a state of semi-bondage to the factory. The produce is set off against the advance; the balance is fairly struck; defaulters from causes entirely beyond their own control are leniently dealt with; and probably the greatest punishment meted out to a defaulting or inefficient cultivator is the refusal on the part of the officials to renew the contract next year. Very rarely is the property of a defaulter attached, and it is not, perhaps, unnecessary to state that evictions and imprisonments have never been heard of at all. It is true, of course, that a higher rate of rent is leviable by the superior landlord on all lands cultivated with the poppy. But this is exactly what happens with regard to garden land, *pan*, sugarcane, mango groves, orchards, and all other valuable agricultural produce. And the higher rent in every case can be exacted only according to the custom of the Pergunnah or Hundred, and the decisions of the judicial Courts. The white poppy is the kind generally cultivated. In the Benares Agency, which is much less in extent than Patna, more than 100,000 cultivators have been known to sign agreements in a single year; and when it is further considered that the wives and children of each Ryot take no inconsiderable share in the operations of the season—except, of course, the ploughing and preparation of the soil—some idea can be formed of the vast number of beings whose welfare and existence are bound up with this monopoly.

Fanaticism in its wildest dreams has not yet recommended the legal prohibition of the poppy as an agricultural operation; it only says that a moral Government is not to profit by the accursed thing. It has hardly gone so far as to recommend that Companies with limited liability and enterprising merchants shall under no circumstances set up an opium factory. But it is very obvious that, unless the drug is treated like poison that cannot be sold or arms that must not be imported, the abolition of the poppy cultivation for Government would result in the substitution of ten factories for one. When the cultivation of the vine has been forbidden all over France and Spain, when noxious hemp is no longer tolerated in the Gangetic districts of Pubna and Jessore, when oats and barley are not sown and reaped in Scotland lest too much whisky should be drunk in Glasgow on market days, it will be time enough to tell the industrious Ryots of Behar that they must discontinue the cultivation of a profitable crop. Till that remote event occurs, the area in which the poppy is grown will not be greatly extended, the welfare of the peasantry will best be secured, and the drug will run the least chance of deterioration, if the whole business is conducted, as hitherto, on sound commercial principles by the Government of Bengal.

THE V. W.

PERHAPS few discoveries have led to more article-writing than the very obvious one that women are not invariably, as Shakespeare described them, "soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible"; yet, with all the scribbling which has appeared concerning this sort of woman and that, we think that there is one distinctive female who has scarcely received the notice which she deserves. Not very long ago a London jobmaster strongly recommended a horse on the ground that a lady, whom we will call Mrs. Dash, had jobbed it, and had declared it to be everything that a horse ought to be. His customer objected that he neither knew Mrs. Dash nor felt much confidence in feminine opinions upon horseflesh. "Well, sir," replied the dealer, "I don't generally pay much heed myself to what ladies say about horses; but it is different with Mrs. Dash. If she tells me a horse is all right, I know he must be. You see, sir, Mrs. Dash is a very *varmity* sort of woman." While we freely admit that there is a want of euphony in the sound of the adjective applied to the lady in question, we are unable to deny that it is expressive. The history of the word is to a great extent shrouded in mystery; but it is probably a corruption of verminous, the adjectival form of vermin; and it may be that verminous was corrupted, firstly, into vermity; secondly, into vermity; and, thirdly, into varmity.

At a superficial glance it would appear that, as the worldly woman may be described as "of the earth, earthy," so also the "varmity" woman might be said to be "of vermin, varmity"; but, as we shall presently show, such a definition would neither accurately nor fully convey the meaning of the latter adjective, of which we so much dislike both the sound and the appearance that we shall in future only use its first letter as well as that of the substantive with which, in this article, it agrees.

It may be imagined that the V. W. is only another name for a type of woman well known already under some other term. Let us think over a few of the titles of the modern developments of womankind and see whether this is the case. We have had fast women. Well, a woman may be exceedingly V. without being at all fast. We have had horsey women. The V. W. may be horsey, or she may not. We have had Blue-Stockings. Certainly the V. W. is not Blue, of whatever other colour she may be. We have had the screeching sisterhood. The V. W. seldom screeches. We have had the "lark" woman. As a rule, the V. W. does not lark; on the contrary, she is rather grave over her amusements, and likes to be in bed by ten o'clock. Some years ago we had professional beauties; but they are extinct, so the V. W. cannot be one of them. Who and what then, in heaven's name, is the V. W.? Without offering a direct definition we will endeavour to trace her history. Education may do much; but, in the thorough V. W., her V-ness has been innate from her birth. As a child she is usually rather solemn, and if her brothers or sisters vex her, she will give or take punishment in a businesslike manner, with few tears and still fewer words. Her long-tailed pony has few attractions for her; she rather prefers to sit upon one of the big carriage-horses in its clothing, while it is being led round the stable-yard. When she grows a little older, if she condescends to ride her pony at all, she has its tail cut, or more probably cuts it herself, almost to vanishing point. No long-haired Skyes as pets for her! a smooth fox-terrier, with plenty of old scars on its face, is what she likes best. White rabbits are an abomination to her; she much prefers a ferret; but she likes to catch wild rabbits in a trap, and even when she is advanced in her "teens" her idea of the most sublime earthly felicity is rat-catching in a pig-stye. She cares little or nothing for her garden, which is a wilderness of weeds; the "back" and stable-yards are her favourite resorts. She keeps poultry. "Are you fond of chickens?" she will ask, and then, provided you are one of her tried and trusted friends, she will offer to show you her own. They are well-bred game, and they are kept in enclosed yards. "Would you like to see a fight?" she will inquire, in a whisper; and if the reply should be in the affirmative, which of course it will be, she will catch a cock and tell you to catch one also. Putting it gravely under her arm, she will walk off to an empty stable, and, having shut the door, she will say, "Now, do as I do." But we must not tell tales out of school.

Finding her brother practising with his revolver, she will ask him to let her have a shot, and this will lead to a good deal of surreptitious pistol-shooting. In his good nature, he will, perhaps, invite her to join him in a retired place for a little Sunday shooting with his almost noiseless air-gun. Might she not have a shot at that sparrow? she will ask. The probability is that she will become expert at small-bird shooting, and that her father will be asked to witness her prowess. One day he will see, at his gunsmith's, a wonderfully light, little double-barrelled 20-bore, which he will think just the very thing for her. After doing great execution upon what her governess calls the "feathered songsters" with this weapon, she will happen to see a rabbit in the flower-garden, and beg her father to be allowed to take a shot at it. One thing will lead to another, until she will be found standing in the middle of a turnip-field, firing a right and left into a covey of partridges, and later on, perhaps, she may attain the acme of human felicity by killing a stag with "a beautiful little rifle."

We suppose that there are few people so antiquated in their ideas, or wanting in experience, as to imagine that we have been exaggerating; but everybody may not be aware that the practice of shooting among ladies is by no means without ancient precedent. A letter written in the year 1639, describing the Marquess of Hamilton's Royalist campaign against the Scotch Covenanters, says:—"Here is great talk of my old lady, Marchioness of Hamilton; of her case of pistols at her saddle," and it goes on to describe her silver bullets, which were "not forgotten for her own son and my Lord General." More remarkable still is its statement that the ladies who were with her "all practise their arms, in which new kind of housewifery they are very expert." It may be thought that, although they shot, these ladies would be refined, noble, and anything but V. W. We are not so sure of this; for we read that "of the form"—observe that the use of the word "form" in this sense is more than two hundred and fifty years old—"of the form of their, I mean the women's, imprecation and curse, every one talks." Another MS. account

of the same affair states that "the old lady" rode at the head of some troops "protesting, as is affirmed, that she would kill her own son with her own hands if he should come a-land in a hostile way; and some affirm that she had balls of gold, instead of lead, to kill him withal." Unfortunately this manuscript is silent as to the "form" of the women. Whatever may be that of the ladies in our own days, thank goodness they have not yet taken to deliberately shooting their sons with bullets; but whether none of them have ever peppered a brother or a father with No. 6 shot, we are not quite so certain.

It might appear that we do not include riding and driving among the favourite amusements of the V. W.; in short, that "the new kind of housewifery" does not extend to horseflesh. We are coming to that now. If the V. W. possesses a perfect hunter she will take a line of her own, sail away before everybody else, and eventually sell him for as near 350 guineas as she can; but in her heart of hearts she likes a horse that bucks a little, that "takes hold of its bridle" when hounds go away, and requires a good deal of riding. A nervous man who buys one of her horses finds to his cost that it does not precisely come up to his idea of a lady's hunter. Down goes its head and up fly its heels as soon as he takes it off the road into a grass field, and, to his surprise, when the run begins it refuses the first fence. Never is the V. W. so happy as when showing off a horse for a dealer; but, perhaps, she shines most in the hunting-field when riding a certain rat-tailed, ewe-necked, and white-legged, or otherwise ugly cob. Small as it looks, it can climb like a cat, and fly over timber like a bird; but take care of its heels, and remember that, if a lady's horse kicks you, it does not count! Then she has two hog-maned ponies which she drives tandem. The leader has a pretty conceit of rearing; but his mistress says it is only his play. If she has nothing to ride, it is wonderful how much of a run with hounds she will see with one of these ponies in a little two-wheeled cart. There is no gainsaying the fact that she drives very well, "and what's more, sir," as her groom says proudly, "she can stand up in her carriage and flog an 'oss!" When her nerve is not quite what it used to be, and she is occasionally a little lame from rheumatism, she hobbles about with her stick in the home paddocks among the brood mares and their offsprings. It might seem difficult to distinguish one of those half-dozen yearlings, all nearly the same size and colour, playing together in a paddock, from the others; but she will point to one of them, and tell you in a moment that it is a filly by Springfield out of Yardley's dam, grandam by Scottish Chief out of a Sweetmeat mare. She speaks lovingly of "dear old Furlong," the trainer; she sighs and shakes her head knowingly when a certain stable is mentioned, and she has her own opinion of the official handicapping. On the way back from the stud-farm she will show you her shorthorns, calling your attention especially to a bull-calf out of Duchess of Oxford the eighteenth by Waterloo the twenty-first, and she will ask you to "lay your hand" on the Booth steer which she is fattening for the next Smithfield Show, setting you an example by pinching it affectionately near the tail.

We have not space to describe the V. W. playing cricket, golf, or polo, catching a salmon in Norway, or putting on the gloves in private with another V. W. Even her dress cannot be here dealt with as it deserves. We can only say that she goes in largely for homespuns, that she wears no petticoats worth speaking of, that her boots, although heavy, are perfect of their kind, and that her covert-coats are something to dream about. She hates balls and never pays calls; she does not have family prayers, and jealous women hint that her hands are not always of the cleanest. If unkind people say that her marked preference for male society is "not quite nice," it may be replied that she merely tolerates men's society because they have certain tastes in common with her; indeed, for that matter, she greatly prefers horses, dogs, foxes, fishes, game, and even vermin, to men. A good veterinary surgeon is more to her than the handsomest man in England or out of it; the mating of horses, hounds, and cattle is the only form of lovemaking in which she takes the slightest interest, and she would infinitely rather hear one of her hunters praised than herself. But she gets caught sometimes—

A woman once and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.

She is not invariably rough or tomboyish in either her appearance or manner, indeed she is usually rather quiet and unobtrusive, and her rule of life is severe and ascetic. As we have said already, she goes to bed early, and she rises with the lark. Her diet is strictly regulated, for she fears any increase in her weight almost more than the loss of her soul, and Elliman's Embrocation and Cockle's Pills take the place of scents and cosmetics upon her dressing-table. As a mother, too, she is something of a Spartan, and she educates her children in much the same way that she rears her puppies. Plenty of oatmeal porridge and

whipping she considers wholesome for both. In concluding our article, we are conscious of having done but scant justice to such a vast subject as—shall we write it in full just once again?—the "varmity" woman.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

THE fine art department of this Exhibition contains some twenty or thirty first-class pictures and very few which are absolutely bad. Among the many portraits is Franz von Leubach's likeness of the late Emperor Frederick III., taken in 1888, a few months before his untimely death. There is an expression of suffering about the face; but the pose is sufficiently happy and the military costume so arranged as to give the figure an heroic appearance. The same artist sends the inevitable portrait of Mr. Gladstone—that Monsieur Tonson of our picture galleries—which is exceedingly well painted, but the expression, possibly accurate—we hope not—is most uncanny, not to say fiendlike. There is nothing but praise to be said of the splendid portrait of Kossuth, by Parlaghy Krüger. The famous patriot is represented as seated thinking very earnestly, with a half-closed book in his hand. The pose is natural and dignified, and the expression remarkably earnest.

There are a good many religious pictures—perhaps it would be better to say pictures with subjects taken from sacred history, for their treatment is often profanely realistic. Altogether the finest is Hermann Prell's dramatic work, "Judas Iscariot" (388). It is a very large picture, but contains only three life-sized figures, lighted by a big harvest-moon stealing gradually over a rocky mountain, probably intended for Mount Calvary. Judas is being tempted to accept the thirty pieces of silver by two old and picturesquely attired Jews. The red-haired traitor is hesitating. "Shall I or shall I not take the bribe?" he seems to be repeating to himself. His tempters are filling his ears with plausible excuses. The oldest of these worthies is grey-bearded and bald-headed. There is expression even in his thin white fingers, which barely touch the elbow of Judas. He is evidently a very sly old fox. The other man is bolder and a sort of bully. He has the money in his hand and in his half-open purse. One could almost pity Judas. He must fall the victim of this cunning couple. The three heads are marvels of expression. Nor is the colouring at fault. It is rich and harmonious, and the light of the full moon bathes the tragic and momentous scene in the softest hues. Even here the artist has earned his title to rank among the great painters of the age. There is a touching contrast between the subdued calm light and the stormy scene of temptation which is to seal the human fate of the Saviour of the World. How poor in contrast are Bernhard Plockhurst's nicely painted "Christ blessing Little Children" and Herr Papperitz's "The Rising Constellation," in which we see the youthful Saviour stretching out his arms so as to cast the shadow of the cross behind him. His mother kneels near Him and the evening star glitters above. Hermann Lang's "Christ on the Cross" is sufficiently majestic, but really Gebhardt Fugel's "Christ bearing His Cross" ought to be veiled. Its crude realism is positively revolting.

There are several pictures representing monastic subjects in a picturesque and sympathetic manner. Among the best are "A Musical Rehearsal," by Professor Otto Piltz, of Munich, and a delightful picture by Professor Otto Heyden, "The Feast of the Madonna at Subiaco." An amusing and very well painted picture is Herr Mathias Schmid's "Visit of the Inspector of Chimneys," which depicts that functionary paying an impromptu visit to an artist's studio. The good man, who has only come to see if the stove-pipes are all right, is comically shocked to find the artist's model in a state of nature, luxuriously reclining on a sofa covered with costly rugs. The expression on the inspector's face is truly ludicrous.

In the Water Colour Gallery is a charmingly-painted head of a young girl by Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick, drawn at San Remo during the fatal illness of the Emperor, her husband. Then we have a clever and realistic portrait of Ibsen, and a series of very graceful studies by Heinz Heim.

There are some excellent pieces of sculpture in the "Statuary Gallery," of which by far the best are Professor Lepke's "Bather," and Professor Ernest Herter's clever imitation of Donatello called "A Gothic Knight." We cannot say much for this sculptor's "Moses," who is about to throw a very small table of the laws to the ground in a fit of bad temper. Herr Wilhelm Kumm's "Mucius Scaevola" is a very dignified figure, and Professor Rümman's picturesque figure of the Regent of Bavaria is dignified, even if it is a trifle theatrical.

The recent discovery of a very ancient marble quarry in the Tyrol, which is now proved to have supplied the Greeks with their statuary marble, has been greatly discussed of late in German art

circles. In a small hall situated to the right of the principal picture-gallery is an apartment devoted to the exhibition of specimens of it, and to the statues made from it by Herr Fuchs, a sculptor of considerable merit and originality. His Venus is a beautiful work in the classical style.

After all, it is the gardens of this Exhibition which form its chief attraction, and they are very pretty and well arranged. Mr. Pain's *Germania*, too, always worth seeing, has been greatly improved since its production. The tournament scene is remarkably good, and so is the last tableau of all, in which, amid much cheering, we see the German Emperor receiving his uncle the Prince of Wales. Like the ruins of Melrose Abbey, this spectacle should be seen by pale moonlight, or rather by its substitute in foggy London, the electric light. It then assumes a remarkably picturesque aspect.

ELECTRICAL [EVAPORATION.]

RATHER more than twenty-five years ago the writer of this article saw, in a well-known London laboratory, a funnel with a perpendicular tube and a lateral branch. Mercury fell from the funnel through the tube, and air was sucked in through the branch, a vacuum being thereby produced in any vessel attached to this branch. This simple piece of apparatus had just been designed by Dr. Hermann Sprengel, and it was destined to immortality in the history of science under the name of the Sprengel Pump. Dr. Sprengel showed that the vacuum so produced was a nearer approach to perfection than had hitherto been obtained; and, although the pump has since been modified in detail, it retains its pre-eminence at the present time. It was rapidly adopted by scientific men, and to it we owe a brilliant train of discoveries. Graham's researches on the "occlusion" or absorption of gases by metals, Frankland and Armstrong's method of water analysis, the incandescent system of electric lighting, and, above all, Mr. Crookes's marvellous discoveries in the unseen universe of molecules, would have been impossible without the pump. Our present concern is with Mr. Crookes's physical discoveries, and particularly with the latest, which was communicated to the Royal Society a few weeks ago under the title of "Electrical Evaporation." In order to make these discoveries intelligible to the general reader it is necessary to state briefly the modern theory of the constitution of matter, which is now generally accepted, and which is in substantial harmony with known phenomena.

Matter consists of minute particles called molecules, which are always in motion. There is constant attraction between them, analogous to the attraction of gravitation, which results in what we call cohesion and adhesion. Of the nature of this attraction we at present know but little. The molecular motion is otherwise described as heat. The absolute zero of temperature would be matter without motion. In a solid the molecules move, perhaps vibrate, without their permanent position in regard to one another being altered. In a liquid the molecules move freely, incessantly changing their positions in regard to one another, but through distances so short that they still remain within the influence of each other's attraction. Hence the liquid possesses cohesion, and is only to a very limited extent elastic. In a gas the molecules move through much greater distances, and are but little affected by each other's attraction. The sum total of the motions of the molecules of a gas produces its elasticity; for the smallest quantity of gas introduced into the largest vacuum will rapidly occupy the whole space, in virtue of the proper motion of the molecules.

The first of Mr. Crookes's discoveries is represented by the scientific toy called the Radiometer, a small mill enclosed in a vacuum, which can now be seen in numberless shop-windows. The metallic vanes of this mill are set in motion by solar rays, mechanical motion being here the direct outcome of radiant energy. Then followed the introduction into the Sprengel vacuum of electrical energy. A powerful stream of electricity was passed through two platinum wires into the vacuum. It is well known that with any ordinary vacuum a well-known and beautiful discharge of electricity takes place between the platinum wires; but by carrying the exhaustion to an extent previously unattempted a totally new phenomenon appeared. Reduced to a very small fraction of their previous number, molecules fly from the electrified points through considerable distances before, coming into collision, they produce light. A dark space in the exhausted vessel now becomes apparent, which is occupied by matter in rapid rectilinear motion. Matter in this condition is not improperly described as "radiant matter"; it represents a fourth condition of matter, as distinct from gas as gas from liquid, or liquid from solid. It is found that the stream of molecules can be deflected into a curved line by the attraction of a magnet, and

that small mills inside the vessel can, therefore, be set in motion by the application of a magnet to the outside of the glass. The straight path of the molecules is only arrested by their impact against other gaseous or solid molecules, and luminous effects can be produced by allowing the molecular hailstorm to fall upon gems and other foreign substances. It is impossible here to describe these phenomena, or to give any idea of their beauty and interest, still less to explain the practical uses of the electrified vacuum.

The latest outcome of this train of researches gives its title to the present article. Every one knows that solids and liquids frequently pass into gases by a process known as evaporation. Sometimes the solid melts—that is, becomes liquid—before it passes into the gaseous condition, as when ice melts and afterwards evaporates; but sometimes the solid passes at once into the gaseous condition. The evaporation of camphor is a good instance of this. Now, during the electrical discharge in vacuum it is known that on the inside of the glass near the platinum wires, and especially near the wire known to electricians as the negative pole, a black deposit of metallic platinum is, after a time, formed. It is clear that the electrical energy produces a volatilization of the metal which is comparable with the evaporation of camphor. It is properly described as electrical evaporation. The hailstorm of gaseous molecules, to which reference has already been made, continues as before, but the molecules of the platinum now add to the torrent, and are deposited on any neighbouring surface, particularly on the surrounding glass, once more assuming the solid state. It will be seen that this phenomenon produced by electrical energy is somewhat similar to that observed in a stoppered bottle containing a few lumps of camphor. Before long a solid crystalline deposit is seen in the upper part of the bottle; molecules have detached themselves from the solid mass below, and, passing as gas, have, by impact against the upper part of the glass, lost the greater part of their molecular motion and returned to the solid state. The molecular motion proper to the gaseous state being arrested, the force of cohesion again exerts itself. In electrical evaporation the energy of electricity plays the part of heat in ordinary evaporation. Electricity as well as heat can provide a stimulus sufficient to drive molecules out of the range of each other's attraction.

In the investigation of this new field of research Mr. Crookes appears to have started from the liquid. He describes the upper surface of a liquid in terms so terse and vivid that a few lines at any rate must be quoted:—"If we consider a liquid at atmospheric pressure—say, for instance, a basin of water in an open room—at molecular distances the boundary surface between the liquid and the superincumbent gas will not be a plane, but turbulent like a stormy ocean. The molecules at the surface of the liquid dart to and fro, rebound from their neighbours, and fly off in every direction. Their initial velocity may be either accelerated or retarded according to the direction of impact. The result of a collision may drive a molecule in such a direction that it remains part and parcel of the liquid; on the other hand, it may be sent upwards without any diminution of speed, and it will then be carried beyond the range of attraction of neighbouring molecules and fly off into and mingle with the superincumbent gas."

Evidently any additional motion communicated to the molecules of a volatile liquid tends to increase the number which, escaping from attraction, fly off as gas. It is also easy to understand that the escape of molecules from the "stormy ocean" of liquid must be hindered by the more stormy gaseous ocean above. It is true that in the gas the number of molecules is less, but then their motion is far greater than in the liquid, so that a point may be reached when the propulsion of molecules from the liquid is balanced by their repulsion by the gas. Hence evaporation into a limited space is limited in quantity, and, under ordinary conditions, depends on the temperature; while evaporation into unlimited space, or into space from which gas is continuously removed by exhaustion, is practically unlimited. Of the evaporation of a liquid into a gas of a different nature—as, for instance, the evaporation of water into air—it is not necessary now to speak.

It will be evident that the promotion of evaporation from a liquid surface by electrical instead of by heat energy is a logical deduction from the previous reasoning. A simple experiment soon showed the close analogy between the two operations. Equal weights of water in two porcelain dishes were placed in two pans of a balance, the surface of each being touched by a platinum wire. One of these wires was insulated, while the other communicated negative electricity to the water. It was found that evaporation from the electrified water took place more rapidly than from the other basin. A positive electrical charge had but very slight action in stimulating evaporation; a new illustration being thereby incidentally afforded of the difference, at present inexplicable, that exists between the two kinds of electricity.

That solids evaporate by electricity has long been known. The arc light, only inferior in brilliancy to that of the sun, is not caused by a mere passage of electricity, but is accompanied by a transference of carbon from point to point. The discharge of a Leyden jar and the production of sparks from a common electrical machine are also phenomena which are accompanied by transference of matter. All such transferences may properly be described as cases of electrical evaporation. They are clearly comparable with the evaporation and resolidification of camphor. Passing, therefore, naturally from liquids to solids, Mr. Crookes studied, and has reported upon, the comparative ease with which different metals evaporate—or, in other words, are distilled—under electrical stress. Cadmium was the metal first operated upon, and it was found that when six grains were electrified in the vacuum tube almost the whole evaporated in thirty-five minutes. Tables were afterwards constructed showing the comparative volatilities of different metals under fairly uniform conditions, and by a very interesting extension of the system it was found possible to separate the metals present in alloys by taking advantage of their different volatilities. Thus, from an alloy of gold and aluminium pure gold can be distilled, aluminium being very slightly volatile.

We shall look forward with interest to further extensions of the remarkable application of electrical energy here very briefly and imperfectly sketched.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

HOLIDAYS, and especially holidays in the Highlands, are supposed to be synonymous with invigorated health; but almost everything depends upon the holiday-maker's frame of mind. Heavy weights upon the spirits are not to be lightly shaken off. This season we fear that many sportsmen bound for the hills will be saddled with black care clinging like an octopus or a malevolently frolicsome monkey. We may say that nowadays the cities furnish by far the largest contingent to the grouse-shooting brigade, which is swelled by politicians, directors of Companies from the West End of London, and *id genus omne*. Many of the middle-aged must cast mournful glances back to the golden days of the elastic budgets, when the revenue was advancing "by leaps and bounds," when the reserves of national wealth were steadily accumulating in arithmetical profusion, and when the Chancellor of the Exchequer monopolized the credit as managing partner in the firm of Gladstone, Providence, & Co. Then the holidays of the man of money, the prosperous manufacturer, and the bloated millionaire were a blissful interval of exhilarating relief, and the brilliant *coups* of the financial past brought brighter promise of the dazzling future. Trade was bright; speculation was buoyant; investments of all kinds fructified spontaneously; and shareholders, gloating over increasing dividends, took no exception to the profits of promoters, who housed themselves in frescoed palaces with marble colonnades, and entertained a promiscuous company at feasts of Lucullus. All the world was borrowing of the British money-dealer, and between eager borrowers and trustfully sanguine lenders there was a magnificent field for the operations of the middleman. As for the politician, the member for an old-fashioned constituency had lighter responsibilities and fewer cares. In a Parliament that had not been over-reformed there were boroughs that could be leased by discreet bargaining, and many of the seats, both in the county and the towns, were held on a tolerably firm tenure. The landowners, under the shadow of jointures and mortgages, were still living in a fools' Paradise. Estates, especially in the North, were actually selling at fancy prices, for the supply fell below the demand. The Scotch farmer had not yet struck against the nineteen years' lease, hitherto regarded as the tenants' palladium or charter; nor had the Southern squire fallen on those intolerably lean years which swallowed the kine fattened in former prosperity, and starved fertile districts out of cultivation. The simple-minded tenants had still faith in the farming which had kept their predecessors in comfort or luxury, before nitrates and steam-ploughs had come into fashion, before the Americans had begun to tear up the grazing-grounds of the bison, and before the Tartar had taken to scraping the steppes and bringing his wheat crops to screw-stemmers. Even the as yet unboycotted Irish proprietor was still a man and a brother, and when he was seriously embarrassed or bothered by the bailiffs, it was generally owing to family prodigalities.

In these halcyon days the competition for shootings was excessive; the Highland landowners were all the richer, and nobody else was much the worse. If one man would not come down with the money asked for a grouse-moor or a forest, another would. Sumptuous mansions rose on the sites of primitive lodges; there

were ranges of stabling and ample servants' accommodation; and great staffs of gillies were recruited at liberal wages to guard the solitudes of each Highland sanctuary from profanation. It was what is called "a high old time" for everybody. The hill-farmer sold his mutton, and the cottar's wife disposed of chickens and eggs at prices that might have satisfied tradesmen in Bond Street. The hospitable shooting tenant gave *carte blanche* for stores of all kinds to Morell's at Inverness, or some other renowned Italian warehouse; and where the cellars were filled with all manner of choice vintages, there was a perpetual *feu de joie* in the popping of champagne and Gerolstein corks, which seemed the echo of the cracking of the cartridges out of doors. Perhaps the host himself, although he might be plethoric, predisposed to gout, shaky on the pins, a martyr to liver complaint, was the happiest man there, for all pleasures are comparative. With the healthful tonic of the bracing mountain air he felt many times a better man there than in Lombard Street or Pall Mall. Being more or less exhilarated himself, he was delighted to see his guests enjoying themselves. When he had done his short day's work on the hill, whether on his legs or on the pad of a sure-footed pony, he felt something of the pride of the athlete who has scaled the Matterhorn or Chimborazo. But beyond all and above all he found time to meditate on the agreeable miracles of his past run of good fortune. Introspectively and retrospectively he could saturate himself in the surfeit of his marvellous good luck. The rain might be driving against the casements, and the dripping mist might be wrapping the hills in clinging folds of soaking blankets. The perverse fall of the barometer on the moors was little to him, since the mercury in the city weatherglass has always seemed to "set fair." The arrival of the post and papers was expected as an agreeable break; it was voluptuous to unfold the broad sheet of the *Times* at the midday meal by the bubbling spring in the heather and the bracken. To borrow a bull, the set of the financial stagnation was always sure to be in the right direction. The rebound of repressed forces would be tremendous when the duty of the autumn recreation had been discharged, and business was again in full swing.

It is astonishing what buoyancy is imparted by an abiding sense of good fortune—by the feeling that the luck is with you, in the future as in the past. It makes the cynic genial and the miser lavish. When a man, after a long and anxious stalk, misses a stag that is virtually worth 50*l.* to 70*l.* to him, he lightly laughs off the mischance, saying he hopes for better things another time. When he goes on a circuitous beat for grouse, and comes home with but a few brace of veterans or cheepers in the bottom of his bags, he congratulates himself on the exercise which is so much clear gain. So that the quality of the sport is really of slight importance, and if he had shot nothing more than a couple of jack snipe, he would nevertheless have succeeded in his object.

This autumn things will be very different with most people. Of course the millionaire might be well content to rest on his oars, were he not doomed to the dismal destiny of a Sisyphus, and impelled to go on rolling his rock up the hills like a Jay Gould or a Vanderbilt. But everybody in business below the grade of millionaire has been more or less burning his fingers. Shipping freights have been falling below freezing point. South American Republics have been "cracking up," all foreign funds have been falling in sympathy, and that most damnable system of *moratoria* has been shaking international credit to its foundations. Were it generally carried out in private transactions, we should have to pay in cash or fall back on barter. Employees are striking, all the world over, from Australian shearers and Belgian colliers to the cads who swing behind the Metropolitan omnibuses. As coal and labour are going up, dividends are going down. On decent security money is to be had almost for the asking, simply because there is neither demand nor employment for it. Now how can the business man possibly enjoy himself when handicapped by all these depressing considerations? Even if Mr. Micawber were to rent a moor, and get temporary credit from his tradesmen, his constitutional elasticity would be sorely tested. The sportsman sees signs and reads portents in the sulphurous electrical gloom and the lowering clouds; his slumbers are broken by ghastly nightmares; and his lightest interludes are haunted by the spectre of each coming post. He knows that no money is to be made; as much is certain; yet large sums are at stake and may be lost. Selling at a slow liquidation is tantamount to insolvency. If Baring's burst up, why should not anybody else? and creditors who are getting excited over doubtful debts may not wait the convenience of invalidated holiday-makers. You miss your bid and you curse your luck, but you cannot whistle the trifling annoyance down the wind as you were wont to do. The miss probably came of distracted thoughts and overstrained nerves sadly out of order. Whether, as Mr. Gilbert sings, in his lay of the good ship *Mantelpiece*, you are sick or sad, the bother you

are fighting off will infallibly beset you, sooner or later, just as over-fatigue will fly to a corn or a sprain. And then the host's depression will inevitably react upon his friends. It will be happy for them if, in a fit of parsimony, or shrinking from wise retrenchment, in the fear of shattering his credit, he does not take to dealing with cheap wine-merchants, and tamper with even the digestions of Highland sportsmen, by reducing the wages of the cook. As to the sporting chances of the present season, so far as weather and a sufficiency of healthy coveys are concerned, we say nothing. With hope and good spirits, and a handsome banker's balance, any sort of decent shooting will yield health and enjoyment; but if the sportsman takes his anxieties across the Highland line with him, he might just as well have remained in Belgravia or Bloomsbury.

POESY IN THE BOWPOT.

ONE of the most attaching—to import a useful word—articles to be found in the more than less dreary publications of so-styled learned Societies is Mr. Conder's paper on Japanese Flower-arrangement in a number (vol. xvii.) of the *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*. Each of its 68 full-page engravings is a separate joy, and the accuracy of its copious lists of Japanese and English and Latin names of rare flowers is, in so far as we are judges, perfect. To make a confession. Mr. Conder is the first to tell us that the berried omoto has been named *Rhodea Japonica*; but we will say, *altro*, that he is not death on lilies.

All these charming spikes and sprays and boughs, which wind and wreath and curve, and wave and meander about the daintiest of pots, are ever seeking, as it were, the line of beauty; and they make it clear as highest noon that the Japanese inmost ideal of the beautiful is one of form, and not of colour. The sooner the student of Japanese art imbues himself with this leading principle, the better and the easier for him. Would that our own professional "florists," too, could be imbued with some of the poetry of Mr. Conder's native designs. We should then have some prospect of an escape from the exhausting weight and stupid vulgarity of the monstrous stacks of ill-savoury vegetation and decay that now go by the name of bouquets; suggesting strong language rather than the language of flowers, and the goods train and the "fives" of the strongest man in the world rather than the trembling little sixes of a nervous bridelet.

The numerous exact engravings of strange flower-holders are transporting—towards the mart of the nearest shōnin who will sell them—and they are therefore "expensive," as Mrs. Carlyle's servant-maid said on a different occasion. The climbing-monkey shape is good; but the ascending-cascade-dragon and the double-bucket shall have our loose half-crowns at the first chance. One of these buckets rests on the floor or on a table, while the other (O rare!) hangs by a silken rope over a pulley. Item: a few *kake-banaike*, or black lacquered tablets, with golden poems in hiragana, to back the sprays of flowers. Or shall it be an *iri-fune*, or homeward-bound ship, for a coming guest; and a *de-fune*, outward-bound, to rig as a gentle hint to speed the parting? For the Japanese florist is naught if not symbolic. He puts rushes and the iris in a two-storied bamboo, and calls it quiet simplicity. Aspiration he softly intimates by a creeper twining from a block of dead wood. Serenity, again, exhales from a boat-shaped bronze, showing white chrysanthemums. (Why can't we call them by their own name, *kiku*, for short?)

The despotic laws of this gentlest of slight arts have decreed that flowers with powerful odours should not be put before guests; and that those which are arranged at the request of a sick person should be put together in a rapid and unlaboured manner, their arrangement being vigorous, and the composition full and gay. At a house-warming, flowers whose names have the syllable *hi*, or fire, should be carefully avoided—*et pour cause*; and sprays of the hi-tree itself (*Thuya obtusa*) are ominous, for from its wood was fire first got by friction. Flowers for an officer's promotion should have buds below and open blooms above, to signify ascent in rank; but withered leaves and overblown blossoms should be eschewed. On the occasion of a siege (*absit*!) be careful to see that the character of the flower-arrangement is powerful; and when moon-gazing on the 15th of the 8th month there should be a special twig in the combination, called the moon-shadow branch. At star-worship on the 7th of the 7th month, seven different flowers are employed, which gives us a glimpse of that Great Bear worship still lingering on in China and Japan. The seven flowers are arranged, three and two and two, like the stars of the Bear, in three vases, and the stems are tied with a five-coloured silk cord of prayer.

A new variety of intimate exquisite torture for people in

country houses is here sprung upon us. First catch your direct guest, and then sit him down to a vase, cold water, a sheet of paper, a pair of scissors, a knife, a minute saw, a flower-cloth, some forked twigs, and a tray of loose flowers and branches; and desire him to make "an arrangement of them to show diffidence." Then take away his cigarette-case, go out of the room, and lock him in. That's how it's done.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE difficulty of finding original titles for books and plays may form some excuse for the baldness of nomenclature with which the stage especially is now afflicted; but it affords no defence to such a title as *The 15th of October*, the title of an operetta produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on Saturday night as a prelude to *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Even had the date been insisted upon as that of the leading events in the play, its introduction as a name would have been meaningless, since the 15th of January—or, for that matter, the 1st of April—would have been equally appropriate. The slovenliness displayed in this particular has left an unmistakable trail over the whole work of adaptation, which is believed to have been the effort of three anonymous persons. A sufficient example of this will be found in the rendering of the French word *brigadier* by the same word in English, instead of its military co-ordinate, corporal. This and similar blunders would seem to point to the conclusion that the translators had gone to work schoolboy fashion, guessing at meanings to save the trouble of appealing to a dictionary. The story is of a familiar, but not excellent, type of French farce. The justification of the operetta's existence must be sought for in M. Jacobi's really melodious music. This was written something like twenty years ago, and bears obvious traces of a period when Offenbach set the fashion in comic opera. M. Jacobi's work has, above all, the merit of pretending to be nothing more than it is. It is lively, graceful, and admirably suited to its subject, and is certainly worthy of more careful workmanship both from the adapters and the authorities responsible for the terribly incongruous dressing as regards uniforms. Mr. Harry Parker recognized the requirements of the part when he played the Irish servant in a vein of strikingly low comedy. He worked for his effects, and obtained them. Miss Cranford played the young lady with decided intelligence, and Mr. Marler was sufficiently droll as the old gentleman whose abrupt visit causes all the trouble. *L'Enfant Prodigue* not only retains its popularity, but seems likely to render any new production at the Prince of Wales' unnecessary for some time to come.

No more distressingly eloquent evidence could be imagined of the disastrously bad theatrical season just departed than the balance-sheet presented to the shareholders of the Gaiety Theatre on Wednesday. Granting that the enormous working expenses necessitate exceptional success to ensure a profitable issue to the venture, the true significance of the deficit of nearly 3,000*l.* on the half-year lies in the general favour accorded to the Gaiety by the playgoing public. A Gaiety burlesque is a thing like unto itself alone. Some praise, many abuse it, every one talks of it, and most people gain their title to speak by seeing it. In spite of the cruel winter, *Carmen Up to Date* had earned a ten per cent. interim dividend by February, and the causes of the present loss are stated to have been the sudden falling off of receipts during April, May, and June—of all months in the year. Yet the burlesque was quite as popular as its predecessors, and no doubt, in ordinary seasons, would have proved as profitable. This state of things would seem to show that, while some of the deadness of theatrical business during the past six months was no doubt due to the poverty of the fare provided by managers, much must be put down to a quite abnormal unwillingness or inability on the part of the public to take their amusement at theatres. Another venture, in which Mr. George Edwardes is interested, appears to have taken a new lease of life at the Shaftesbury. That this should be so is encouraging to those who cherish the belief that bright refined humour and pathos, whose tenderness would possibly be lost on the lover of the more violent delights of melodrama, will find acceptance with a large section of the public when played with intelligence and delicacy. In *The Commission* Miss Beatrice Lamb now plays the widow with a truthful womanly touch suitable to her sympathetic style. Miss Lamb has the advantages of a graceful and distinguished bearing, an expressive, well-modulated voice, a clear delivery, and, apparently, both appetite and aptitude for work. Miss Lamb's Lady Muriel in *A Pantomime Rehearsal* is also a real piece of acting. The little company now playing at the Shaftesbury is eminently suited to its purpose. In Mr. Weedon Grossmith we have a genuine artist in light comedy. He is rapidly effacing the minute indications of the drawing-room entertainer and

acquiring breadth of style, while losing nothing of his early refinement. In both the parts he plays he is admirable. Mr. Forbes Dawson's rapid, jerky method fits him admirably for this class of work, and in Miss Lizzie Ruggles we have discovered both a surpassingly elegant dancer and an intelligent actress. Mr. Brandon Thomas's versatility and seeming spontaneity grow and grow upon one. Mr. Thomas ought to "go far." The success of Mr. George Edwardes's experiment here has proved that the popularity of melodrama and burlesque has not worked to the exclusion of the taste for comedy.

At the Crystal Palace Herr Mehrmann's trained wild beasts still go through their amazing performances. Not Bidel, nor even Martin, perhaps the greatest tamer that ever lived, can well have dreamt of such a scene as Herr Mehrmann shows us. To have tamed a Polar bear "surprises by itself," and the tricks performed by nearly thirty lions, tigers, cheetahs, boarhounds, *was sie wünschen*, are startling enough; but the great feature of the show is the spectacle of all the beasts playing together like kittens at the end. (One has an impression that the boarhounds are ready to do police duty on emergency.) What all students of beast-taming should note is that Herr Mehrmann never cracks a whip, never raises his voice, and carefully eschews the cruel and dangerous folly of pistol-firing.

THE WEATHER.

WHEN we closed our report last week the weather appeared likely to improve, and on Thursday the barometer was rising throughout the day over our islands, and the weather was less disturbed than of late; but on the Continent it continued very unsettled, due to a large complex depression lying over Sweden, Finland, and the Baltic; another over Italy, and a third very shallow one over Austria-Hungary. In the south-east of England a little rain fell, and in London it was showery and chilly, with thick haze. The highest temperature registered in the United Kingdom was 71° at Leith, and it did not exceed 62° in London. In Paris the maximum was 71°, and in Berlin 64°. A severe storm is reported to have occurred in Lower Austria on Wednesday (5th), the heavy rain completely destroying this season's vintage. During Friday occasional showers were reported at our northern stations; but over the south-east of England it was generally fine, and about six hours of bright sunshine were registered at Westminster. Temperature was rather higher over our islands than of late; but the thermometer remained below 70° generally. Over the greater part of the Continent the weather was cloudy and overcast. Unsettled weather prevailed over the United Kingdom on Saturday; but in the afternoon and evening there was some temporary improvement; rain had ceased in Scotland, and it was fair generally. During the twenty-four hours ending at 8 A.M. on Sunday considerable quantities of rain fell in the west and north, the greatest amounts measured being 1.2 in. at Sumburgh Head and 0.7 in. at Holyhead, Pembroke, Parsonstown, and Valencia. On Sunday morning a depression was lying off the north of Scotland, and secondary disturbances were advancing over our western coasts. Rain fell during the day over the whole of our islands and in many parts of the Continent, the greatest amount being 2.7 in. at Faerder. With regard to temperature, it had slightly fallen; the daily maxima were below 65° at nearly all our stations. Over Southern and Eastern Europe it was fine and bright. The weather was changeable and showery over the greater part of the United Kingdom on Monday, and thunderstorms occurred at many of the English stations. Temperature was below 60° in North and North-western Europe; the highest recorded in our islands was 68°; it exceeded 70° over France generally, 81° being registered at Lyons. On Tuesday showers were falling during the day in many parts of England, and solar halos were seen in our southern counties. The reports received on Wednesday morning (12th) were not very encouraging. It was overcast and showery at many of our stations, and the distribution of pressure was favourable for the advance of cyclonic systems from the Atlantic. In the afternoon, however, the weather had improved; the barometer was rising at our western stations, and it was fair generally. Temperature was higher in London than of late, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer registered 71°.

ETON.

THERE'S a long low wall, with trees behind it,
And an old grey chapel behind the trees;
'Neath the shade of a royal keep you'll find it,
Where kings and emperors take their ease.

There's another wall, with a field beside it,
A wall not wholly unknown to fame;
For a game's played there which most who've tried it
Declare is a truly noble game.

There's a great grey river that swirls and eddies
To the Bells of Ouseley from Boveney Weir,
With willowy stumps where the river's bed is,
And rippling shallows and reaches clear.

There's a cloistered garden, and four quadrangles,
And red brick buildings, both old and new;
There's a bell that tolls and a clock that jangles,
And a stretch of sky that is often blue.

There's a street that's alive with boys and masters;
And ah! there's a feeling of home for me;
For my boyhood's triumphs, delights, disasters,
Successes and failures were here, you see.

And if sometimes I've mocked in my rhymes at Eton,
Whose glory I never could jeopardize,
Yet I'd never a joy I could not sweeten,
Or a sorrow I could not exorcise.

By the thought of my school and the brood that's bred there,
Her bright boy-faces and glad young life,
And the manly stress of the hours that sped there,
And the stirring pulse of her daily strife.

For, mark, when an old friend meets another
(They have lived and remembered for years apart),
And each is as true as the best-loved brother,
And each has a faithful and tender heart:

Do they straight spread arms and profess devotion,
And exhibit the signs of a heartfelt joy?
No; but each stands steady, and scorns emotion,
And each says:—How do you do, old boy?

And so, old school, if I lightly greet you,
And have laughed at your foibles these fifteen years,
It is just as a dear old friend I treat you,
And the smile of my lips is a mask for tears.

And it is not a form of words, believe me,
To say I am yours while my pulses beat;
And whatever garlands the Fates may weave me
I'll lay, right gladly, at Eton's feet.

REVIEWS.

THE WOMEN OF TURKEY.*

MISS GARNETT'S new book on *The Women of Turkey* and their traditions is much the most interesting of her works. Many curious varieties of life are developed in the various social conditions and by the various ruling and subject peoples of the Ottoman Empire. To the volume Mr. Stuart Glennie appends chapters on the origin of civilization and on the Matriarchate—that condition of society in which women were the more stable element in the family, and bequeathed their family name to their offspring. Mr. Glennie is dissatisfied with the hypothesis at present most in fashion. As he conceives the hypothesis, civilizations arose sporadically—and, as it were, spontaneously—among homogeneous savage communities. Marriage "originated from a worse than brutal savage promiscuity." The similarities of custom, tale, and myth were independently developed, and are "due only to the identical constitution everywhere of the human mind."

It is not difficult for Mr. Glennie, or for any one, to argue against these ideas; but it is not certain that they are generally held in this uncompromising form. We really know next to nothing of "homogeneous" savage groups, unless it be in Australia. As soon as man was man he would mix with his neighbours in peace and war, and the ideas of one group would be imitated and adopted by another. In the least developed races there exists a very strong conservatism, it is true. But even the communities of the lower animals have made advances, taught by experience, and no sane inquirer can doubt that the most unprogressive human society is capable of taking lessons from its neighbours. In the course of ages experience must teach, and individuals of genius must make and communicate their discoveries. Thus advances in the arts of life must inevitably occur, and have occurred, everywhere, in proportion to the natural advantages, opportunities, and innate qualities of various races. It is undeniable that some peoples have greater natural abilities than others, are quicker to receive impressions, have ever been in more habitual

* *The Women of Turkey*. By Lucy Garnett and Stuart Glennie. London: Nutt. 1891.

and fruitful intercourse with their neighbours, and, therefore, have made more rapid progress. Why some races are thus gifted while others are comparatively sunk in sloth is a problem which we have not knowledge enough to solve. We can only say that experience most rapidly teaches the most docile and the most eager, and that they confer some measure of their knowledge on other peoples with whom they come into contact. As to the distribution of myth, tale, and custom, the uniformities of these may, in part, be explained by the uniformity of mental habits. To what extent there has been diffusion of myth from some given centre is a question of fact and of degree. We cannot say with certainty whether stories familiar in Grimm's collection reached the southern neighbours of ancient Peru by some prehistoric transmission, or whether they are due to coincidences of invention, like those which provide his game for the modern plagiarist-hunter. A very simple and obvious notion may conceivably be the seed of a great tree of custom, as in the curiously uniform and widely diffused rites connected with agriculture, with seed-time and harvest. Or, again, these rites may have been diffused by prehistoric intercourse and migration, from the realm of the Pharaohs to that of the Incas. We presume that a judicious anthropologist will abstain from dogmatizing, though, in the absence of evidence as to migration and transmission, he may prefer the hypothesis of mental uniformity and coincidence of unborrowed ideas. On these topics, then, we suppose that science should preserve a balance of judgment, and not commit herself to any fixed and sweeping theory like those against which Mr. Stuart Glennie argues.

Mr. Glennie has his own hypothesis. "Archaian white races," long settled in the Nile and Euphrates valleys, "are to be found as immigrants and colonists all over the world, and in conflict and contact with lower coloured and black races." "The subordination of the lower by the higher races was the essential condition of the primary civilizations." If Mr. Glennie means that members of the Archaian white races reached Mexico, Chichimec, and Peru, he must prove his belief by facts which we await with curiosity. As his theory seems to imply that these Archaian gentry also influenced Australia, his task seems almost impossible. We still do not know, of course, how the Archaian white races evolved the civilization and ideas which, *ex hypothesi*, they distributed.

Taking a special instance among institutions, Mr. Glennie examines theories of the origin of marriage. He disbelieves in original human promiscuity, and here it is easy to agree with him. As Mr. Westermarck argues in a work recently noticed in the *Saturday Review*, absolute and "worse than brutal" promiscuity is hardly credible. On the other hand, it can scarcely be denied that the habit of deducing descent through the mother—a habit widely diffused, and of which many survivals exist in the old civilizations—denotes an absence of certainty of male parentage that argues odd manners among our early ancestors. In reviewing Mr. Westermarck's book we asked, What possible cause, except uncertainty of fatherhood, could have produced the "matriarchal" system? Mr. Glennie asks, if our ancestors were so lax on one point, why were they so strict about prohibiting unions between certain sets of men and women, so strict about "exogamy"? and why were they upholders of the supremacy of women? Well, we do not believe in what is called the supremacy of women. Among the most "matriarchal" races women are the drudges, do all the work, except hunting and fighting. As the name-giving element in society, they had a position of some prominence—the husband, for example, living with the wife's relations. But they were, and are, the fags of early society, in spite of that. Then, as to exogamy, we have frequently argued that, in origin, this law of marriage was superstitious rather than moral, that it was only one of the many forms of the mysterious Totemistic tabu.

Mr. Glennie is obliged to offer an explanation of descent in the female line which shall not be the ordinary explanation—namely, the recognized uncertainty of fatherhood—so he decides that the family name was derived from the mother as a consequence of the contact between higher white and lower coloured races. Black races encountered She's, who must be obeyed, "divinely featured, rosy complexioned, and robed women of white strangers, women also mistresses of secret arts, and bearing themselves as imperious queens." These ladies married "niggers," on their own terms, and these terms were exogamy and the supremacy of women.

And this is the result of the new method! Everybody knows that both white men and white women detest the idea of marriage between a girl of the higher and a male of the lower race. Ayesha, the only example of a lady in the position and with the characteristics necessary to Mr. Glennie's theory, did not mate with the Ama Hagger. White men are "general courtiers," and not fastidious; white women are, and are by their male kinsfolk compelled to be, very fastidious. The theory is reduced to the absurd when we remember that the race with the most stringent exogamous prohibitions is the Australian. On Mr. Glennie's theory, these prohibitions were originally imposed by the rosy brides won from some Archaian white race. If Mr. Glennie has any historical evidence of the Archaian white race in Australia, he can produce it. The queer wall-paintings in some Australian caves are the only vestiges of such evidence that conjecture can repose upon, as far as we are aware. It is, of course, conceivable that we have failed to understand Mr. Glennie's hypothesis. Certainly exogamy is most in force precisely where there is

no trace of early white colonists. Meanwhile, Mr. Glennie's theory of a prohibition in its oldest form connected, as a rule, with the Totem, throws no light at all on the other and kindred Totemistic tabus. It is hardly to be supposed that Mr. Glennie's pleasing romance of the fair imperious brides will win adherents. As to the origin and diffusion of civilization, myth, and rite, we can sometimes trace the diffusion historically, as when we give savages beads and guns, tracts and gin, or when Greeks and Romans adopted alien gods. Sometimes, as in the old American civilizations, and as in the diffusion of our own tales among Zulus, Eskimo, and Huaro-chiri, we are puzzled, and can only suspend our judgment and collect facts.

We have dwelt on Mr. Glennie's chapters because they seem to focus ideas which he is frequently presenting. They are the smaller portion of a book full of interest, and particularly rich in stories. These are excellent, and excellently narrated by Miss Garnett. Even the reader who is not concerned about folklore will find plenty of amusement in these romances of Greek, Jewish, Gipsy, and Turkish women. The origin of the mosquito's buzz and of the swallow's forked tail is very humorously given. More might have been told of the secret society of the negresses, and about their god Yavroubé, who at stated times chooses a bride from among them, being incarnate in a woman who puts on the masculine sex for the moment. Women slaves believe in a "magical shirt" which endows them with beauty, and secures a ready sale and a kind purchaser. "Female slaves in Turkey have little to complain of," and we may infer that shirts of beauty are as common as wishing-caps and caps of darkness were "once upon a time." On the whole, Miss Garnett's book leaves the impression that the more woman gets her rights the less reason has she to congratulate herself.

NOVELS.*

FEW writers have the courage or the inclination to apostrophize their readers in the curt fantastic fashion adopted by the author of *Helen's Vow*, and less few so oddly criticize their own story as it either progresses or retrogrades. If these originalities are thrown in with a view to distract attention from the weakness of the work, they do not answer their purpose. The reader is certainly confused by the high-handedness of an author who tells him what to think; but he cannot get away from the fact that the two volumes contain more than usual of the improbable and impossible, and those not cunningly arranged. The hero, Dallas, who afterwards becomes Leger, is a villain who becomes a saint, an adventurer who becomes a Cabinet Minister. He is wicked when poor, and good when rich; he is as powerful bodily as mentally; he manages to survive three bottles of poison, and a bullet wound in the back of his head, in the third chapter of the first volume. The heroine is a lady of strange manners and stranger habits. "She was not a cruel woman, but she had no sympathy whatever with small griefs." At a reception given by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—who gives the only parties in the book, and who has a house with "graceful stairs"—Helen is much attracted by Leger, who is, although she does not know it, the *fate* she is in search of. They are not introduced, and when, shortly afterwards, he fishes her out of the river, she immediately gives up the party she is boating with, and follows him to his house. She is, indeed, a very odd mixture—she makes "quips," and occasionally becomes "caustic," but even such a misguided being as she is would hardly tolerate such a person as Maynard is represented to be. Maynard is the villain, and he loves Helen, and because he does so he wrecks her happiness, takes the whole of her fortune, and ruins his friend's life. But even that is no reason why—he was enormously rich—he should only have sham pictures and bronzes in his "gorgeous surroundings" in the Albany, or why his "glossy, well-brushed patent leather boots" should have been equally false—still we are assured they were. His conversation was not brilliant.

"I think," said Maynard, sententially, "that either he has been found out in something dishonourable—"

"Oh fie, my James," cried De Laure, in pretended horror, holding up an evening paper to hide the assumed blushes.

"Or that he," Maynard hesitated—

"Or that he," went on the Frenchman, "has a stomach-ache."

"A stomach-ache?"

"I mean is not happy in his *intérieur*."

"Bah!" growled the financier; "you are always a fool, I see. Well, we will play out the queer bit of comedy. It may help us both to what we want."

The author is somewhat lacking in taste when he says

The royalties, who seem sparsely fed at home, as they always come out hungry, are eating in the supper-room; eating as if they scarcely expected to eat again; the full-fed aristocracy are waiting their turn patiently, for they know that, though ruin and red republicanism loom nearer each day upon the horizon, they have as yet some cold mutton in their Belgravian and Grosvenorian larders.

Dramatic sparks are often introduced; but they fade out with no

* *Helen's Vow*; or, *a Freak of Fate*. By the Earl of Desart. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The Undergraduate. By George Ross Dering. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Jack Sheffington. By Guy Graveshill. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

A Leading Lady. By Henry Herman. 1 vol. London: Chatto & Windus.

result upon the tale, and a vein of cynicism crops up unexpectedly and mostly degenerates into coarseness. The English is not above reproach; there is a general haziness and a lack of lucidity about it which is most noticeable in pp. 62 and 63. The political opinions are original, though not at all clear. The Bennidales, as a distinct creation, are a decidedly amusing relief to the story, and the ending is as sensational as the whole.

The Undergraduate is a very solid "sketch"; it contains lessons of all kinds; all of them are pompous, most of them lengthy, and just a few are learned. The motive of the book is good; but its meaning is nowhere clear, and neither is conveyed in an agreeable, or even in a workmanlike, manner. It has two distinct stories—one deals with the affection of a married woman, the wife of an eminent professor, for the Undergraduate; and the other is the history of the reasons which compel a conscientious Nonconformist minister to give up his ministry. The first is a singularly unattractive subject, and it is treated in a crude and unsatisfactory way. The circumstance of the woman making love to the man is not palliated by the slightest charm either of diction or circumstance. The doubts and fears which beset the calculating mind of the Undergraduate would not be important in themselves if it were not that he is permitted as well to air his religious views and his insolent schoolboy theories in a merciless and obtrusive fashion. He is the most self-confident, self-satisfied youth of nineteen ever made the hero of a book. The minister, the father of the Undergraduate, has a tiresome flock to contend with, and the author has made it quite clear that Nonconformists are a jealous, tittle-tattling, illiterate set; but he deals with each member of that persuasion with some amount of creative power. The minister is immeasurably superior to his surroundings, and his own fine instincts make him give up a doctrine the tenets of which he cannot follow, and so finally he joins the Church of England. The author has not fulfilled his earlier promise in this work—it is extremely unequal throughout, and his assumption of smartness is irritating.

Jack Skeffington—a sporting novel—is built up upon several excellent models, and the writer's strenuous endeavours to emulate Whyte Melville are in every way commendable; though they are not perhaps, on the whole, satisfactory. In some parts he gets quite near to Captain Hawley Smart, yet it would have been simpler for him, as he is evidently a keen sportsman, and more agreeable to the reader, had he formed his own style, and clung to his own experiences. However, any one interested in long and unusually exciting "runs" will enjoy the book, for it is nothing less than a series of them linked together by a rather thin story. Jack's history is supposed to be told by an old gentleman, whose evident aim is to prove that his own sporting proclivities are not great, and that he only enjoys hunting by proxy; but the intelligent reader is never hoodwinked by him. He is a genial old bore, who adores Jack, because that young man's puritanical family object to his love for field sports, and to his neglect of his studies. Jack is a fairly typical undergraduate, and his surroundings and sentiments are more healthy in tone than those of his contemporary in the preceding book. The American scenes are not particularly interesting, but the whole is well and easily written. Bill Hartley's sacrifice is a delightful piece of Quixotism, enough in itself to redeem a book which, although it has faults, has many virtues. In each of the books before us it is remarkable that the same well-worn phrases should be repeatedly used, such as "Bolts from the Blue," "Goddess Nicotina," "For the nonce," "omnium gatherum," &c.

The story of *A Leading Lady* is a very slight one. Her lover, a rich young man, buys a partnership in a London theatre that she may perform there; she does so, and there meets a supposedly typical "leading man," to whom she immediately presents her heart. The managers of the theatre want only the young man's money and not his partnership, so they conceive an immoral scheme in the hope of getting rid of him. They lay traps to make him jealous, thinking he will then give up all connexion with the theatre, and in so doing they throw the "leading lady" into an ambiguous position with the "leading man." They succeed very well for a time; but they are at last frustrated by the rich young man, who in a most spirited manner sets fire to the theatre, rescues the heroine from the flames, and then marries her. It is a singular fact that the ring of truth is invariably lacking in all stories connected with stage life, and whether they emanate from the pen of the actor or the novelist the result is precisely the same. *A Leading Lady* is no exception to this rule, for in it the same insincere glamour is thrown over the subject, and the same familiar debasement is noticeable in the characters. The author in this case should know what he is talking about; probably he does know, but he will not betray his knowledge to his readers. He never once breaks through the usual restraint of every other writer upon the same theme; he does not leave his characters as he finds them, nor does he reconstruct them into anything like actual beings. The "leading lady" herself is not lifelike, although she possesses "a creamy translucent skin velvety as a peach." Perhaps the author has been even a little unkind to her; still, if it is possible that she ever existed, she must have been an offensive young woman, and if she is a purely imaginary one, she is something worse. A person who had been on the stage from the age of six would scarcely fall a victim to Mr. Randolph Watson's attractions; she must have met many of that type, and by the time she had reached her "leading" position would have

learned to appreciate the attentions of an honest young lover who was unconnected with the footlights. The opening chapters, which contain a description of the strike of the workmen and the perplexities of the insolvent managers, are the best in the book. We cannot pretend to say if the characters of the managers are at all true to life. It is a pity that the author admits of no honesty of purpose within the walls of a theatre; anything so hideous in design as the supper party improvised by Messrs. Watson and Brewster has rarely been done, but as its execution was fortunately so puerile in effect, its point is happily lost. The last chapters are truly amusing, although we doubt if the author intended they should be so.

EVANS'S COINS OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

(SUPPLEMENT.)*

DR. EVANS'S *Coins of the Ancient Britons*, which first appeared in 1864, was in its way one of the most successful essays in numismatics ever published. It dealt with coins of a strictly defined class, and dealt with them in a manner which has left little or nothing to alter in the first edition, and not much to add to it after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century. It had a still more eminent merit in introducing a new and scientific method for arranging large series of coins; a method which has since, in a slight and tentative way, been brought to bear upon the whole range of numismatic study, and is no doubt destined to a fuller application, but which is especially valuable in dealing with half-barbarous issues like that to which Dr. Evans first applied it. We may quote the author's own words to show what is this method—which has since been defined as the study of the *morphology* of coins:—

From the succession of the types, and the gradual diminution in weight, I attempted to show that some kind of chronological arrangement of the coins was possible, and that a very considerable period of time must have elapsed between the issue of the heaviest coins, which most nearly resemble the prototype, and of those of which the age can be fixed on historical grounds, and the types of which have very widely diverged from their original. In fact, I attempted to apply the principles of "evolution" and "natural selection" to numismatic inquiries; and when, ten years afterwards, Darwin's great work on the origin of species was published, I found that I had been approaching the study of barbaric art on much the same lines as those on which he had conducted his far more important inquiries into the hidden secrets of nature. In Chapter II. of this book I have laid down the principles on which the evolution of the types of Ancient British coins seems to have arisen; and, in 1875, I enlarged further upon this view of the subject, in a lecture that I delivered at the Royal Institution, on "The Coinage of the Ancient Britons and Natural Selection."

It no doubt results from Dr. Evans's early application of anticipation of Darwinian methods that he practically finds nothing to alter in the arrangement of coins adopted in his first edition; and as, in point of fact—though this, of course, is the gift of Fortune or Misfortune—few ancient British coins of great importance have been discovered since the *Coins of the Ancient Britons* was first published, the author has decided, instead of issuing a new edition of his work, to content himself with a supplement. "This," he says, "I have done partly because it seemed hardly fair upon the possessors of the original work to supersede it altogether, and partly because the modifications and corrections are, I am thankful to say, neither numerous nor important."

This last fact is undoubtedly the case. As to the additions which this supplementary volume contains, most of them spring from two finds, or rather one find and one series of finds—the first at Freckenham, Suffolk, the other at Bognor—the results of which have already been published in the *Numismatic Chronicle*, and are therefore familiar to numismatists; while the layman would scarcely benefit by their recapitulation here. The pagination of this supplementary volume and the numeration of the chapters and plates have been continuous with that of the original volume. Of plates of uninscribed coins (which, as everybody who knows the first edition is aware, are indicated by the letters of the alphabet) we have four new ones (K-X). Some of these contain, from the morphological standpoint, some interesting "missing links," but there are none of great value. The supplementary plates of inscribed coins are six (xviii.-xxiii.) Of these, to be chiefly noted are the coins of the South-Eastern district, which give the name of TINCOMMIA, whereas none of those published in Dr. Evans's first edition read more than "TINCOM," which moreover, as it there appears, might have stood for TIN COMMI [or COMI] FILIVS, for this reading also occurs. The types of the coins of Verica are largely increased through the Bognor finds. Still more important is the coin reading CARA, a name which Dr. Evans thinks may reasonably be completed to CARATACVS, or Caratacus. But there are considerable difficulties in the way of identifying this Caratacus with the Caratacus of the Roman historians. Two remarkable new types of Dubnovelaunus likewise deserve special mention here.

We have quoted the reasons which Dr. Evans gives for not issuing a new edition of his work instead of this supplementary volume. But, at the same time, we very much regret the deci-

* *The Coins of the Ancient Britons*. Supplement. Arranged and Described by John Evans, D.C.L., President of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Numismatic Society of London. London: B. Quaritch.

ion he has come to. We regard his scruples on behalf of the purchasers of the first edition quite unnecessary; for, if after a lapse of a quarter of a century they felt aggrieved at seeing the book supplanted, we do not know where their claims will stop. And though the theories put forward in the original introduction may not have been materially modified, they would yet have gained more weight from their restatement, and we are inclined to think that on one or two points—as, for example, the important question of the date to be assigned to the earliest British coins—the consideration which such restatement involved might have induced Dr. Evans to change his views. Moreover, as Dr. Evans himself notes, the relation of numismatic studies to history is becoming year by year more recognized. And though most of our historical students write quite as laymen upon numismatics, it is something that they do not neglect them altogether. The change in their attitude, moreover, seems to demand something of a corresponding change on the part of the numismatist. He should meet them half-way. If it is the duty of the historian to take more account of coins, it is equally the duty of the numismatist to take more account of historical records than he felt compelled to in former times.

These remarks are suggested by the recent appearance of an essay by Professor Ridgeway on the *Greek Trade Routes to Britain*, in which the author bases his conclusions very largely upon numismatic evidence. It is not the place here to discuss this learned and very interesting paper. But we must be allowed to say that, in our judgment, the author treads the difficult ground of the descent of types or the morphology of coins with more boldness than success. But on this very subject on which Professor Ridgeway writes as a layman Dr. Evans can speak as a master. We do not see, therefore, why, considering where we are in numismatic studies, the author should not have carried his classification of types beyond the Channel, and, at any rate in a tentative way, have afforded the historian some clue upon that very question to which Professor Ridgeway has attempted to find an answer—What were the routes by which the different types of Gaulish coins found their way through Gaul to Britain? For a work upon the coinages of the Ancient Britons can never be complete unless it makes some attempt to deal with that question. It may be said that before doing so, or attempting to do so, we must wait for the illustrations to the catalogue of Gaulish coins in the French Bibliothèque. But in that case we should answer, "Then wait for the appearance of these plates, which, we believe, are promised us shortly."

THE QUEEN'S COMMISSION.*

THIS book is written for the benefit of parents and guardians who wish to send their sons or wards into the Army. To those inexperienced in military matters it will be of great use, though some portions of it might have been omitted with advantage. Lengthy extracts from the Queen's Regulations and references to Army Orders, tend to confuse the ordinary reader without affording him any assistance; and the numerous warrants which define the conditions of service in the various departments of the army succeed one another and change with such bewildering rapidity that any book dealing with them must soon become obsolete unless constantly revised. To support what we are saying, we may point out that the regulations regarding commissions in the Line, and service in the Army Service Corps, have considerably altered since the book went to press; and a Royal Warrant, which will upset much with reference to the Artillery, is being framed at this moment. The writer certainly does hint that changes are to be expected; but the parent seeking information will prefer facts to be obtained from the Military Secretary to probabilities foreshadowed by an author who hails many thousands of miles from Pall Mall. There is, however, much sound advice to be derived from these pages; and what Captain Younghusband has to say about an officer's prospects in the various branches of the service is well considered.

Most civilians will, we fear, be disposed to regard the opinion that 300*l.* a year is necessary for a subaltern's allowance besides his pay in a good infantry regiment as a melancholy satire on the army, viewed as a profession for a man who means to make it such. We notice further on some very sensible remarks on army doctors and also most useful hints regarding the Indian Staff Corps and the Marines. Occasionally, however, we meet with mistakes. Three vacancies, with a fourth in alternate years, are not annually reserved in the Staff College for the Royal Engineers. Again, the Governor of the Royal Military Academy is not necessarily a gunner—indeed, of late years he has been more frequently selected from the sister-corps. We think the advice regarding revolvers might have been simplified. It is evident that on service the soldier cannot buy cartridges, so he must either use the ammunition supplied by Government or go without. Therefore, if this ammunition does not fit his revolver, it becomes a useless encumbrance, and we cannot too strongly impress on him the importance of this fact.

* *The Queen's Commission.* London: John Murray. 1891.

THEODORIC THE GOTH.*

NO one, of course, has so good a claim as Mr. Hodgkin to be reckoned an authority on Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and his present volume is not unworthy of his reputation. Written as a book of this kind should be, it enables the reader to grasp without difficulty the character of the period in which its "hero" lived, the manner of man that he was, and the part that he played in the history of his own nation and of the world at large. While there is no lack of details in the book, it is not overburdened with them, all that are given serving to make the general effect more complete. Here at least Mr. Hodgkin is never dull. In some parts he writes with a good deal of picturesque power, as in his description of the Constantinople which Theodoric beheld as a boy; now and then he is distinctly humorous; his narrative is stirring, and his comments and explanations clear and not too minute. The only fault to be found with his book is that too many pages are taken up with matters which, though they have each a bearing on the main subject, should have been treated more briefly as being subordinate to it. As, besides writing fully on Theodoric in his *Italy and her Invaders*, Mr. Hodgkin has in his *Letters of Cassiodorus* illustrated the most interesting side of the reign of the Gothic King, his efforts to enforce on Goths and Romans alike the observance of *civilitas*, we shall not devote to his present work the space which we should have given to it had its contents come before us for the first time. That he is thoroughly master of the art of writing a short history is abundantly proved by his description of the movements and fortunes of the Ostrogoths down to the accession of Theodoric. Nor has he shown himself less skilful in his account of the constantly changing relations of Theodoric with the Empire before his invasion of Italy; certain principal incidents in this period—the King's struggle with the other Theodoric, the son of Triarius, his invasion of Macedonia, and the defeat of his rearguard in the Candavian mountains—are well brought out, while the mere shiftings "backwards and forwards between peace and war with the Empire," though noticed, are passed over rapidly. With reference to those acts of Theodoric after the establishment of his kingship in Italy which implied an acknowledgment of the superiority of the Emperor, Mr. Hodgkin remarks that the recognition of his royalty by the Imperial Court was of no small importance to the Ostrogothic King; for it enabled him to "reckon on the hearty co-operation of the Roman officials in the task of government." While "all the new barbarian royalties preserved much of the laws and machinery of the Roman Empire, Theodoric's Italian kingdom preserved the most of all." The official hierarchy which he kept industriously at work is described at length in the *Letters of Cassiodorus*; the sketch given of it here is sufficient for the purpose of the present book, and could not have been written by any one who had not a full and intimate acquaintance with the subject. Every one who knows Ravenna will be glad to have recalled to his mind the glories of its mosaics, the splendid processions of Virgins and Martyrs moving along the walls of S. Apollinare Nuovo to cast their crowns before the Redeemer's feet, the Baptism in the Oratory of S. Maria in Cosmedin, and the other memorable sights on which Mr. Hodgkin descends with befitting enthusiasm. Apart from living friends, we could wish for no better companion than his book when next we find ourselves in the city where Theodoric dwelt. He carries his story on from the death of his "hero" to the final overthrow of the Ostrogothic monarchy in Italy, treating this supplementary part of his work in broad outline, and adds a pleasant chapter on the "Theodoric of Saga." His volume contains four excellent maps based on maps in his *Italy and her Invaders*, and many illustrations representing for the most part the buildings and mosaics of Ravenna and other memorials of Theodoric's reign.

REPORTS OF STATE TRIALS.†

TWO-THIRDS of the third volume of Mr. Macdonell's admirably executed new series of *State Trials* are occupied by two famous cases, the one of practical and the other of constitutional import second to hardly any on record. In the remainder there is much that is interesting. *The King against Fursey* is an early case of importance in connexion with the modern system of regular practice; *Dicas v. Brougham* settles the rights of a Lord Chancellor in a certain case (but so few of us are likely to be Lord Chancellors!); *Jephson v. Riera* is important for alien and colonial law, as in a different way is *The Mayor of Lyons v. The East India Company*; *Dobree v. Napier* gives a valuable corollary to the Foreign Enlistment Act, and a group of cases against Chartists in '38 and '40 contain many things very valuable, both historically and politically. We may note especially evidences of the Tory Radicalism which was such a curious feature of Chartism, which was strong in Joseph Rayner Stephens, one of the defendants here, which undoubtedly derived from Cobbett, which formed Mr. Disraeli, and of which there were very much to say if

* *Heroes of the Nations—Theodoric the Goth, the Barbarian Champion of Civilization.* By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L., Fellow of University College, London, Author of "Italy and her Invaders," &c. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

† *Reports of State Trials.* New Series. Vol. III. Edited by John Macdonell. London: Stationery Office. 1891.

our limits permitted it. And we may presently take in some of the points suggested by this group of cases in noticing the first and most important of all, *The King against Pinney*, the case which dealt with the responsibility of the Mayor, and consequently of the civil authorities generally, in the famous Bristol riots of sixty years ago. This, with the much less practically important, but constitutionally interesting, case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, makes up the two cases to which we referred above, as almost monopolizing both the interest and the space of the volume.

Stockdale v. Hansard is one of those cases which chiefly go to furnish forth the wonder and envy of surrounding nations. Nothing could be less creditable or more frivolous (we own that even at this distance of fifty-four years the litigiousness of the valiant Stockdale makes us shiver as we write these words) than the inception of it. Stockdale, a speculative publisher, had published among other things one of those books which their defenders call "scientific," and which the profane vulgar call "obscene." Certain prison inspectors found a copy in Newgate, and spoke of it as the profane vulgar in a report to the House of Commons which was published. Thereupon Stockdale brings me his action for libel against Messrs. Hansard as printers of the House of Commons, and the tussle begins. It lasted about four years; it was never quite settled, an Act of Parliament being required to cut the main knot; and, among its other results, Messrs. Hansard were cast in damages by the Court of Queen's Bench, and the unhappy Sheriffs of Middlesex were made desperately ill by being committed for contempt of the House of Commons. The great judgment of Lord Denman (there is nobody like your excessively Liberal lawyer while he is in the Commons for taking the right side when he comes to the Peers), scouting the preposterous claims of the Commons to a tyranny worse than that of any despotism, is the monument which has survived the case; but there were half a dozen actions on it. Perhaps the thing could not be better summed up in a nutshell than by Denman's own words in his judgment:—"I am not aware of the existence of any body of men whatever who can privilege any servant of theirs to publish a libel upon an individual." These words are so noble, especially when reinforced by a biting comment of their author's in a private memorandum—"There are always some zealots of privilege in the House of Commons, and none of its members are more averse than other people to the exercise of absolute power"—that one willingly averts one's eyes from the personality of Stockdale.

The trial at Bar of Charles Pinney (with its necessary preliminary, the Special Commission on the Bristol rioters, Chief Justice Tindal's charge on which is given here) supplies a subject of very different interest. In *Rex v. Pinney* real things, and not the punctilios of a certain form of government, are concerned. Tindal, C.J., laid down the principle that, and supported it with the reasons why, "the law of England hath at all times held in the greatest abhorrence riotous and tumultuary assemblages of the people." The breed of Tindal, C.J., is, we fear, dormant, if not extinct; but, with the blessing of Providence and the help of a few riots, it may revive again. Anyhow, the Bristol outbreak was the most considerable example for the past sixty years (it will be exactly sixty years come next 29th October) of popular riots in England. It is not denied that for the best part of three days a town which could still claim to be in a certain sense the second city in England, was at the mercy of the mob, that three gaols were destroyed, the Mansion House and the Bishop's Palace sacked, two sides of a large square of resident and other houses burnt and plundered. The actual loss of life, as always in these cases, is much disputed. The account which Mr. Macdonell accepts puts the killed and wounded at about a hundred; but this, it should be observed, is limited to cases of actual authentication. Mr. Hunt, a writer who unites local knowledge with that general historical sense and practice so rarely possessed by local historians, inclines in his *Bristol* to, though he does not positively endorse, an estimate five times higher, and it must be remembered that rioters, for obvious reasons, die or are cured out of the way if they can. And the singular thing is, that the matter was not, as most popular riots are, unexpected. Although the close corporation of Bristol was not out and out Tory (the unlucky Pinney himself was a Reformer), the population generally was Radical, and the corporation was very unpopular. Its legal adviser and Town Clerk (who, according to the unusual Bristol custom, was a barrister, and acted as magistrate), Mr. Serjeant Ludlow, appears, from his evidence at this very trial, to have been a kind of male and legal Mrs. Cluppins. Its Recorder, Sir Charles Wetherell, was the most outspoken and the most unpopular Tory in England, and it had glimmerings that, if he came down for the usual October gaol delivery while the Bill was still hanging between the constitutional resistance of the Lords and the unconstitutional *coup d'état* which the King and Grey planned, and by which they ultimately forced it through, there would be wigs on College and other greens. They consulted the Central (Whig) Government; and not only was Sir Charles himself of opinion that, cost what it might, the gaol delivery must be held, but Lord Melbourne, the Whig Home Secretary, fully concurred with him, and agreed further to furnish whatever troops might be necessary to overawe malcontents. By a most lamentable combination of weakness on the part of the civil and military authorities, and of disaffection on the part of the inhabitants of the city, these precautions were rendered entirely useless, and the results summarized above happened. They gave rise to three distinct sets of legal proceedings. The first was the trial, by Special Commission, of the rioters

in January 1832, when more than a hundred men were arraigned, four executed, and most of the rest sentenced to minor penalties, the most satisfactory part of this being the acquittal of Captain Lewis, a volunteer constable who had shot a rioter. Immediately afterwards came the court-martial on Colonel Brereton, the military commandant, who shot himself before the inquiry had finished. And, lastly, exactly a year after the riots, came the trial at Bar, before Lord Tenterden and Justices Littledale, Parke, and Taunton, with a special jury brought all the way from Berkshire, of Pinney, the Mayor, and the other magistrates for neglect of duty. Pinney was acquitted, and the other magistrates were not brought up. Lord Tenterden, who was very ill when the trial began, was obliged to retire from the Bench, and died in a day or two. The trial itself, as was not more unusual in those days than in these, produced some rather unseemly altercations between the counsel. Scarlett, who led for the defence, and whose speech, though containing some characteristic inaccuracies, is an extraordinarily fine one, availed himself of the antecedents and associations of Denman, who, as Attorney-General—it was just before his elevation to the Bench—conducted the prosecution, to make some extremely galling innuendoes both on Mr. Attorney and the Government and party which he represented.

The account of the trial occupies more than five hundred of the well-packed columns of Mr. Macdonell's book, but every line of it is worth reading, as showing how disasters like this come about. Nobody was entirely free from blame; upon nobody, not even on the unhappy Colonel Brereton, can the whole blame be said to rest. The constables would not act without the military, the military would not act without the constables; the magistrates could not inspire the one, and would not till too late order the other. A sort of demon of irresolution seems to have taken possession of everybody. The Mayor and the Colonel banded the responsibility till it literally seems to have turned the heads of both of them. When Captain Codrington, summoned by the magistrates themselves with the Dodington Yeomanry, had with remarkable smartness brought his troop of sixty men in readiness to do anything, he could find no magistrate anywhere, and being bidden by Brereton, who had the military command, on no account to go near the actual scene of the riots, had actually to withdraw, because he could discover neither billets nor food nor orders. Meanwhile, "an elderly man and a boy" were calmly rolling casks of wine out of the Mansion-house cellars, and bands of rioters, who, according to some accounts, did not exceed a few scores, and according to none exceeded a few hundreds, were storming gaols and burning houses uninterfered with. Indeed, Brereton had ordered the 14th Dragoons, the only trustworthy troops present, out of the city. And the most unpleasant thing of all in regard to similar troubles, which may come on us sooner than any one knows, is that, as Scarlett boldly hinted, it was not mere personal imbecility that was to blame. It is perfectly clear that among soldiers and civilians, among Tories and Whigs alike, there was a profound uncertainty how far it was safe to take strong measures to restore order—a doubt on the part of those who sympathized with reform whether it was well to discourage friends, and a fear on the part of those who opposed it whether, if it triumphed, vengeance would not be taken on those who had acted vigorously. This, it need hardly be said, is the accursed thing, the very gangrene of social order, and it is this which the action of politicians much younger than those who were in a way responsible for the Bristol riots has tended to bring about again among us. Let us only hope that such windy language as we have recently heard about Irish crime and about Trade-Union violence will not be followed by such a whirlwind as was seen at Bristol in October sixty years since.

THE WIRE-DRAWERS' COMPANY.*

THE author of the history of this old City Company has no occasion whatever for the apologetic tone of his preface. He writes in a good round hand, so to speak, and tells his story in a plain fashion very refreshing to a reader accustomed to the fictitious twaddle which but too often does duty for history when one of the City Companies is concerned. Mr. Stewart even avoids the usual error of calling Henry FitzAilwin a wire-drawer. Most of the greater Companies claim the first mayor as a founder, forgetful of the fact that no Companies existed in the twelfth century, nor for long after. True, he calls the Companies "Guilds," which is perilously near a bad mistake; but the word guild is occasionally handy as a descriptive term when used with sufficient vagueness, and Mr. Stewart does not go so far as to apply it to any Company in particular. The first mention of gold wire seems to be in the book of the Exodus, where it is described as being used for the decoration of Aaron's ephod. Mr. Stewart also quotes Homer for early examples of the use of gold thread, and Herodotus for its use among the Egyptians of his time. There is, of course, mention of St. Eloy and his filagree work; but it is rather tantalizing to be told that a cross from his hands is the earliest known example, and that it "was lately preserved in an abbey at Paris," seeing there has not been an abbey at Paris for a hundred years and more. The heraldic badges on the effigies of Richard II. and his Queen in

* *History of the Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers' Company.* Compiled by Horace Stewart. London: Leadenhall Press. 1891.

Westminster Abbey represent gold and silver used in embroidery. In the fourteenth century Nuremberg and Augsburg were the centres of the trade, and there the term "wire-drawer" came into use to describe the manufacture. In England an Act of Parliament was passed in 1423 against adulterating gold and silver embroidery with Spanish *laton*, an alloy of copper or brass. Mr. Stewart has some interesting notes on the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold and other extravagances of King Henry VIII. There were many examples of this period in the Tudor Exhibition, and the "City Purse," preserved at the Guildhall, is quite as old. Under the Stuarts the trade was much impeded by the granting of monopolies. The great wire question was involved with the great silk question—does Mr. Stewart know that *silk* is Arabic for wire?—and in 1619 several silk mercers were committed to the Fleet for infringing a patent granted by King James. Four Aldermen offered bail to the amount of 100,000*l.*, and they were liberated. In 1622, after the King had acted for some time with his usual arbitrary stupidity in interfering with the course of trade, the House of Commons took the matter in hand. A good many of the monopolists and patentees were fined and imprisoned, proceedings against his minions in which James calmly acquiesced, and we hear for the first time of a "Wyer-Drawers' Corporation." By the way, why does Mr. Stewart call the modern Company the Wyre-drawers? It may be doubted if "wyre" was ever the ordinary spelling. We have "wyer" and "wire" often enough. "Wyer" is a mere affectation, like "Merchant Taylors," and the "Ye," which we are glad to observe Messrs. Field & Tuer have not placed on the title-pages of this or their other recent books. In June 1623 a charter of incorporation was granted to "the Gould Wyer-Drawers of the City of London." "It might fairly have been thought," says Mr. Stewart, "that the storm-tossed and harassed Wyer-Drawers had at last got into port." But the House of Commons put the new Company into its list of Grievances, and the King, who, no doubt, had pocketed some handsome fees, "appeared once more to have veered round," and in 1624 abolished the manufacture of gold and silver thread. Mr. Stewart, who discovered the Charter at the Record Office, goes at some length into the vicissitudes of the trade during the rest of this reign and that of Charles I. An attempt was again made through a Committee of the Goldsmiths' Company to obtain a charter for "the Refiners and Wire-Drawers" in 1664; but it was not successful until nineteen years had elapsed, when in 1693 a charter was granted by William and Mary, and Mr. Stewart obtains his one authority for spelling "wyre," for the charter is addressed to the "Master, Wardens, Assistants, and Commonalty of the Art and Mystery of Drawing and Flattening of Gold and Silver Wyre."

From that day to this the Company has had a continuous existence, though Mr. Stewart speaks of a period of comparative eclipse. In 1831 the Company extended its freedom to Jews, being the first to do so. The exertions of Mr. Wynne Baxter seem to have restored prosperity to the Wire-Drawers, and two recent Lord Mayors have been members. One of the most distinguished members of the Company in modern times was the lamented Colonel Duncan. We may safely recommend Mr. Stewart's book as containing a very much smaller proportion of fiction than is usual in the histories of Companies, and as telling us plainly and simply what we want to know. The illustrations are of very various degrees of merit—some, as the views of Nuremberg and the scene representing William and Mary, being very pretty. In the last headpiece, which represents a Phoenix, in the form of an Egyptian "bennu," Miss D'Avigdor might as well have put real instead of mock hieroglyphics.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE.*

THIRTY years have now elapsed since the first edition of Fergusson's encyclopædic work on the architecture of the last three centuries was published, and it yet remains quite unrivalled in its own field. More than one attempt has been made to produce a more complete architectural dictionary than this and the other volumes which Fergusson with wonderful industry compiled, but no real rival has ever appeared. The great merit of Fergusson's work consists in the large number of well-selected and typical examples of buildings of all classes which he illustrates with small but clearly cut engravings, giving plans, and in most cases external views drawn to one uniform scale. Mr. Fergusson's text, though always interesting and well written, was not quite as valuable as his illustrations, owing, mainly, to his very strong individual preference for the pseudo-classic rather than the mediæval styles of architecture. The truth is Fergusson had very little real sympathy with or appreciation of such masterpieces of art as the old parish churches and cathedrals of England. How little he understood or realized these glories of mediæval art is very strongly shown by his own words in the very preface in which he repudiates the notion that he did not appreciate mediæval architecture. Speaking of Gothic buildings, he writes:—

It is so easy for people who have attained a superior degree of proficiency to imitate the arts of those of a lower stage, that the forgeries are perfect

and absolutely undetectable. With a higher class of art this would be impossible; but the great recommendation of Gothic art is that it is so rude that any journeyman can succeed in imitating it.

Truly this is an astonishing statement, and one which makes one wonder with what eyes Fergusson had examined the inimitable spirit and delicacy of the carved foliage which is to be seen in almost every village church throughout England, to say nothing of the glories of the Angel choir at Lincoln, or the noble effigies of knights, ladies, and ecclesiastics which are to be seen almost in every one of our grand cathedral and abbey churches. The real fact is the classic styles are infinitely more easy for a modern workman to reproduce on account of the mechanically rigid rules which define what almost every moulding and enrichment is to be. It is this lack of elasticity that is the main defect of such a glorious thing as the ancient Greek architecture used to be, and the principal reason why it is less suited for modern reproduction than the more varied styles of the late mediæval and early Renaissance periods. It is not only want of appreciation of what is admirable, but actual ignorance of the facts, that make Fergusson speak as he does in vol. ii. p. 112 of the magnificent oak lantern of Ely Cathedral, crowning that glorious octagon, the span of which embraces the whole width of the church, both nave and aisles, in one soaring vault, which fills one with amazement at the combined skill and daring of its fourteenth-century designer. It is this lantern which Fergusson called a "wretched, temporary wooden makeshift, which has recently been restored with such ludicrous reverence."

Hardly less startling is it to find that Fergusson, in writing about the cathedral of Florence, speaks of "the crushing disfigurement of Brunelleschi's dome." Many other examples might be given of the extraordinary want of good taste which is displayed by the author of this history. On account of his wide acquaintance with the chief buildings of Europe, Fergusson possessed exceptional qualifications for the compilation of such a History of Architecture; but in point of taste he is often a very bad guide to the student, and a man with more catholic powers of appreciation than he possessed would certainly have been more fitted for the task. Nor was Fergusson only unfortunate in his failure to realize the beauty of so much that is most admirable in architecture; in what he did admire one cannot always regard him as a good æsthetic guide. Surely praise, qualified though it is, of such buildings as Inigo Jones's church in Covent Garden, or the nightmare-like façade of S. Maria Zobenico in Venice, of which a large woodcut is given in vol. i. p. 104, can hardly be regarded as criticism of the right kind.

It may, however, be said that Fergusson had a right to his opinion, and, indeed, in architectural matters it is often very difficult to give a satisfactory account of the faith which is in one. In painting and sculpture we have nature to appeal to as a canon for criticism; but in architecture the case is quite different, and thus one often finds the most divergent opinions even among those who have given their life to the study. A great deal of Mr. Fergusson's text is of less doubtful value; his opinions are commonly remarkable for sound good sense, and for a wholesome dislike to all slavish copyism or architectural forgery, as he very justly calls much of our recent English architecture, both classic and Gothic.

With regard to the work which Professor Kerr has done as editor and reviser of this third edition, it is difficult to say much in its praise. Nothing in the original text has been altered or omitted, and the reviser's work consists chiefly of an excursus at the end of vol. ii. on recent architecture in America, together with a number of bracketed paragraphs at the end of earlier sections of the work. Professor Kerr has done nothing to correct the rather numerous errors which necessarily creep into a book which, like Fergusson's, consists largely of compilations from a vast number of different books in all languages. Professor Kerr's additions consist to a great extent of rather useless talk; and his meaning, such as it is, is often veiled in a very unfortunate style of English. As an example, we may quote the following passage, in which Professor Kerr discusses the question whether modern architecture is mainly a sham:—"If it was so, or desirable to be called so, when seen in the light in which he [Fergusson] formed his opinions at the period at which he was writing, is it still so, or still so desirable, in the light in which we must now make his doctrines useful, whether to the earnest professional student or to the interested general reader?"

In Professor Kerr's section on modern American architecture many of the illustrations are very interesting, and show that a very earnest—if not, as yet, very successful—attempts is being made in America to create a new style, and to throw off the unfortunate habit of copying, and again copying the copy, which is the bane of so much modern architecture in England. We are, however, sorry to find Professor Kerr writing with some approval (vol. ii. p. 355) of that abominable American system of screwing up—one cannot call it building—iron façades on to the street fronts of large houses. It is no doubt, in some cases, convenient to erect a plain building, and then have the architecture sent in packing-cases by rail and stuck on afterwards; but this method should hardly be applied to any structure more dignified than a booth at a fair, and certainly need not be seriously discussed in a history of architecture. Professor Kerr can endure trash like this, and yet in discussing recent architecture in England he can find nothing but ridicule with which to express his appreciation of the work of such men as Norman Shaw and his followers, who have done so much during the past twenty years to raise the

* *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., &c. Third edition, revised by Robert Kerr, F.R.I.B.A. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1891.

standard of English domestic architecture, and make the streets of London less dreary and depressing to the passer-by.

The short Life of James Fergusson by Mr. William White, at the beginning of the first volume, is full of interest, and shows Fergusson to have been a man of extraordinary energy and power of work. Though not a professional architect, his knowledge of the subject was remarkably wide, and he was well acquainted with the more technical branches of the subject, such as the principles of construction and the use of different materials. The long list of literary works which Fergusson has left contains much that is admirable, though not in a wholly undiluted form, and it is to be feared that the present editor of the *History of the Modern Styles of Architecture* has done little to correct its shortcomings or add to its original value.

THE RIGHT HAND AND THE LEFT.*

THERE must be few persons of inquiring disposition who have not at some time speculated upon the subject of Sir Daniel Wilson's treatise on the origin of right-handedness and the causes that have established its predominance. Most people are content to account for their right-handedness by the influence of education, custom, or heredity. Or, they will say, it is by nature or instinct that they use the right hand in preference to the left. The number of the left-handed, according to the best authorities, is but two per cent. of the world's population. There are no grounds for supposing that, in historic times, at least, the percentage of the left-handed exceeded this figure. Nor do Sir Daniel Wilson's researches in prehistoric art and archaeology tend to show that the preferential use of the right hand was not general among mankind. The use of the left hand appears to have been always exceptional. The right hand ruled; the left was subservient. We may venture to suggest that we owe the historical record of such examples of left-handedness as Sir Daniel Wilson cites—e.g. the seven hundred left-handed Benjamite slingers—quite as much to the wonder excited among the right-handed as to any exceptional degree of skill, estimated by the normal standard. But the ancient and unvarying prevalence of the rule of the right, while it supplies the inquirer with the keenest incitement, does not tend to simplify the obscurity of its origin. Then, too, the curious persistence of left-handedness, in spite of the ever-increasing forces of custom and education, is a problem that naturally comes within the scope of inquiry. Why should the one hand be preferred to the other? Why has the right hand been thus honoured? "Why that particular hand was chosen," Carlyle observes, "is a question not to be settled, not worth asking, except as a kind of riddle." Happily such is not Sir Daniel Wilson's conclusion, or the world had been deprived of an ingenious and stimulative book. That there is a right side in man does not admit of serious dispute, although Sir Thomas Browne was "not yet assured which is the right side, or whether there be any such distinction in nature." The distinction of right and left dates from remotest antiquity. Not to know the left hand from the right is the privilege of infancy. But it is still an open question whether the distinction is natural. There can be no doubt, however, as to the preference of the right hand. "If it can be shown," remarks Sir Daniel Wilson, "that all nations, civilized and savage, appear to have used the same hand, it is in vain to look for the origin of this as an acquired habit. Only by referring it to some anatomical cause can its general prevalence among all races and in every age be satisfactorily accounted for." And it is to this conclusion that Sir Daniel Wilson's inquiry decidedly points. From the very birth of arts and crafts man has been right-handed. The evidence of ancient sculptures and paintings is overwhelming. Passing beyond such comparatively modern examples as the sculptures of Assyria and Egypt to the art of Paleolithic man, when the primitive artist was free to do what was right in his own eyes, the general preference of the right hand is fully established. Mr. Cushing and other practical investigators into the art of flint-arrowhead making agree that the cave-men were, as a rule, right-handed. The study of language, again, reveals the universal honour accorded to the right hand in all circumstances and relations of human life, and the not less striking prejudices against the left hand and left-handedness. Sir Daniel Wilson supplies abundant illustration of these points, sufficient, indeed, to justify the inquirer in seeking a physiological or anatomical explanation of the preferential use of the right hand.

Science, however, has not arrived at the solution of the mystery, and the final phase of the inquiry is left undecided. It follows, of course, that if physiology could explain the preference for the right hand, it could also satisfactorily account for strange and invincible exceptions to the rule. If, for example, right-handedness is due to a departure from perfect symmetry in the arrangement of the vital organs of the body, a reversal of the normal condition would confidently be looked for in the left-handed. But the theories of specialists appear to be all more or less inconclusive. On the whole, Sir Daniel Wilson inclines rather to the view that finds an explanation of right-handedness in the superior development of the left cerebral hemisphere, which influences the whole action of the right side of the body. But he observes, with great force, in his remarks on Dr. Brown-

Séguard's arguments, that this eminent physiologist, "like most other right-handed reviewers of the phenomena of left-handedness, fails to appreciate the bearings of his own argument in the case of a left-handed person conforming in many ways to the usage of the majority, yet instinctively giving the preference to the left hand." Sir Daniel Wilson describes himself as "incurably left-handed," and with all the education of his right hand he has never lost his preferential instinct for using the left. In actions that demand muscular force he uses the left hand. This, we believe, is true of most left-handed persons, and may have inspired Charles Reade's notion that the rank barbarian was ambi-dextrous, for the left-handed are wholly or partially ambi-dextrous. But, as Sir Daniel Wilson amply demonstrates, there is no proof whatever that primitive man was left-handed and ambi-dextrous. In short, the wrongness of right-handedness is a fallacy. The advantages of ambi-dexterity could scarcely be very considerable among fighting people, or left-handedness would have survived, through training, to a much greater extent than it has. It is easy to see why it was never encouraged in the disciplined forces of the Greeks and Romans. Exceptional dexterity, as Sir Daniel Wilson forcibly remarks, is the gift of the true right-handed and of the true left-handed.

THE CLARKE PAPERS.—VOL. I.*

SIR WILLIAM CLARKE, the collector of these papers, some of which are probably transcriptions from reports made by him in shorthand, was, on the organization of the New Model Army, appointed Assistant-Secretary under Rushworth to the General and Council of War. He became Secretary to General Monk, was knighted at the Restoration, and was appointed Secretary at War. His papers were bequeathed to Worcester College, Oxford, by his son George, a liberal benefactor to several Oxford colleges. Though their existence was not unknown, they have hitherto remained unprinted and unused. They have at last found a competent editor in Mr. C. H. Firth, who has before this proved himself a trustworthy exponent of the Civil War period. Mr. Firth has written an excellent preface to his present volume, has bestowed much care on the treatment of his text, which would in parts have been unintelligible without emendation, and has added a large number of footnotes, all in one way or another helpful to the reader. The papers printed here extend from March to December 1647, and their special interest consists in the light which they throw upon the quarrel between the Parliament and the army. They begin with "Letters from a correspondent in London to a friend in the Army," referring to the determination of Parliament to quash the petition of the army against the proposal to send part of the forces to Ireland, and disband the remainder. London, the stronghold of Presbyterianism, was violently opposed to the army; "the citizens," we read, "grumble vilely, and will be satisfied with nothing but that you be presently disbanded, and they say nor will they trust you to goe for Ireland with your own Commanders, unlesse first the Army be purged of Sectaries." A report of the Conference at Saffron Walden ends with a notice of the mutiny of some regiments whose officers declared themselves willing to serve in Ireland. Skippon, Cromwell, Ireton, and Fleetwood were sent down by Parliament to inform the soldiers of the votes concerning their pay and other matters, and to inquire into the origin of certain letters written in the name of eight regiments of horse, and read in the House of Commons. The Commissioners held their meetings in Saffron Walden Church, and there received reports from a number of officers and a few privates as to the grievances of their regiments. The meetings were lively; for in some cases officers of the same regiment gave contradictory reports, and Skippon, who presided, declared:—"God knows it is a very great pressure to my spirit to heare and observe such clashing and jarrings amongst you." Already Colonel Sheffield's and other cavalry regiments had chosen "two out of a troop," as Agitators or agents, to act for the rest. One consequence of these meetings at Saffron Walden was, Mr. Firth observes, that the foot regiments also chose Agitators. Throughout the whole movement, however, the lead was taken by the cavalry regiments.

By the end of May the officers had cast in their lot with the soldiers; "itt is incredible," we read in a "letter of intelligence" of May 29th, "the Unitie of Officers and Souldiers, except some few officers," whom the soldiers were determined to get rid of. Mr. Firth points out that these papers exonerate Cromwell from the charge of duplicity with reference to the revolt. He had hoped to mediate between the Parliament and the army; but finding that his efforts were vain, and having reason to believe that the Presbyterian leaders were inviting the Queen to invade England, he joined Fairfax and the army in opposing the Parliament. The part of Colonel Wogan's *Narrative*, left unprinted by Carte, in which Cromwell is accused of having deceived the Parliament and incited the soldiers to refuse to disband, is printed by Mr. Firth in his appendix from the Clarendon State Papers. The question of Cromwell's responsibility for Cornet Joyce's seizure of the King

* *The Right Hand: Left-Handedness.* By Sir Daniel Wilson, LL.D. "Nature Series." London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

* *The Clarke Papers: Selections from the Papers of William Clarke, Secretary to the Council of the Army, 1647-1649, and to General Monk and the Commanders of the Army in Scotland, 1651-1660.* Edited by C. H. Firth. Vol. I. Printed for the Camden Society. 1891.

is fully discussed in the preface to this volume. The importance of preventing the Presbyterians from removing the King from Holmby was fully understood by the Independent leaders. Though the officers at Holmby were on the side of the Parliament, the soldiers "had come in upon engagement to the Army," and Holles and his friends were deliberating on the King's removal. The army anticipated them. In securing the King's person Joyce seems to have acted in accordance with instructions received from Cromwell, but to have exceeded them in removing Charles from Holmby. He afterwards declared that Cromwell had ordered the removal. This was inconsistent with his earlier statement that he had removed the King in obedience to the demand of his own soldiers. Two letters from him are printed here; one of them, probably addressed to Cromwell, bears out Mr. Firth's view of the matter. Several papers refer to the march of the army on London, the tumults in the city, and the quarrel arising out of the dismissal of those officers of the London Militia that belonged to "particular congregations." Cromwell and Ireton opposed the march on London in a council of war held on July 16, Cromwell expressing his dislike of a resort to force, which was, he believed, probably unnecessary. "Really, really," he said, "have what you will have, that you have by force I looke upon itt as nothing"; he urged delay "till wee see how things will bee," and would have no force used, "except wee cannott gett what is for the good of the kingdom without force." Ireton drew up the first draft of the document afterwards known as the "Heads of the Proposals of the Army," which he hoped that Parliament might accept as the basis of a permanent settlement. The scheme was submitted to the King, and some alterations were made in it in order to meet his wishes.

The conferences of Cromwell and Ireton with the King and his agents, and the concessions that were made to him, caused much dissatisfaction in the army, and "amongst the Levelling party in general." The old Agitators being held to have "more consulted their own advancement than the public settlement," new Agitators were elected in October, and presented their demands to the Council General of the Army. Their political demands were expressed in a paper entitled the "Agreement of the People," the document generally known by that name, and presented to Parliament on January 15th, 1649, embodying "the view finally adopted by the governing party in the Army." Long and interesting reports, probably taken down by Clarke in shorthand, are given of the debates on these proposals, which extended from October 28th to November 11th. When the General Council met at Putney, Sexby, one of the old Agitators and of the present delegates, made an attack on Cromwell and Ireton, whose "credits and reputation," he said, "hath bin much blasted," inasmuch as they had sought to settle the kingdom in a way that displeased all men; they had laboured to please the King and had failed, and to support "an house which will prove rotten studds." Cromwell answered that neither as regards the King nor the Parliament had he and Ireton acted except with the "public consent" of the General Council. When the "answer of the Agitators," or the "Agreement of the People," had been read, Cromwell, after remarking that it proposed changes in the government that had existed, he would almost say, ever since England was a nation, suggested that it would be well to inquire how far the army was free to adopt such proposals, or how far it was bound by engagements. A long debate over this question was varied by a prayer-meeting held on the motion of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe. Cromwell proposed that they should all meet not as two contrary parties "but as some desirous to satisfie or convince each other." "Buffe-coats," however, and some of his fellow-delegates expressed their suspicion that the Lieutenant-General's proposal might seem to entrap them into an acknowledgment of acquiescence. The prayer-meeting took place, and Goffe, who was inclined to the views of the Fifth Monarchy men, declared that the part of the King's title "In all causes and over all persons as well ecclesiastical as civil supreme," was the mystery of iniquity to be destroyed in the last days. The question of Engagements having been settled, the Council entered on the "Agreement," the first article of which demanded manhood suffrage. Ireton opposed the demand "as dangerous in itself, and still more dangerous from the principles" upon which it was based. In the debate on the proposal to take away from the King and the Lords their negative power in legislation, though he was for greatly lessening the power of the Lords, he again opposed extreme measures, and showed the absurdity of the opinion advanced by Wildman, who argued that the legislative power of the King was contrary to the coronation oath. Instead of following these debates further, we would call attention to Mr. Firth's remarks on Ireton's political position. "A scholar conversant in the law," as Clarendon calls him, Ireton had a larger "stock of political and constitutional knowledge than his fellow-officers." He was a ready debater, probably spoke eloquently, and would have exercised a greater influence than he did had he not been "too positive and dogmatic." So far from being "radically averse from monarchy," to again quote from Clarendon, he declared in the course of the debates on the "Agreement" that he would not join with those who sought to destroy Parliament or King. He was for ever appealing to the Constitution; he would have as little change made in it as possible, and spoke of its "fundamentals" as the only safe guide in political action. He protested vigorously against all claims to decide political questions by theories

about natural rights. All such questions he would have decided by reference to the Constitution. This was the ground he took in opposing the demand for manhood suffrage. No man, he declared, had a natural right to choose those who should govern him, nor was there any Divine law on the subject. It was "by civil Constitution that the propriety of having voices in Election was fixt in certaine persons." By a "fundamental" of the Constitution these persons were such only as had a "local interest." If this "fundamental" were to be destroyed private property would be endangered; for "Constitution founds proprietie." Besides, a man with "the meanest local interest, butt forty shillings a yeare," might be trusted with a vote, as having a fixed interest in the kingdom, whereas, "if you goe beyond this law, if you admitt any man that hath a breathe and being," you may have such men chosen as will "vote against all proprietie." For a more complete view of the part taken by Ireton on this and other political questions, we must refer our readers to Mr. Firth's preface, and to the Papers which, as far as we yet have them, he has so ably edited.

TWO RUSSIAN PLAYS.*

MANY English readers will be glad of the coincidence which enables them to compare two of the most famous productions of the Russian stage. If some one had been found to present us at this moment with *The Malady of Too Much Wit*, by Griboïedof, we should have an opportunity of seeing how the three plays in Russian literature which have been most talked about in their native country look to a foreign eye. The French critics of Russia seem to agree that the comedy of Griboïedof is the principal masterpiece of the Slavonic theatre, and its author, who was murdered in Persia, in 1829, before his genius had found time to unfold itself, was probably one of the greatest of those "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" of whom Russia was so prodigal in the early part of this century. But if *The Malady of Too Much Wit* is a finer play than either of those presented to us here in an English dress, it is not certain that it represents so faithfully as they do the Russian spirit. It belonged, indeed, to the general tradition of European comedy; it was founded on the study of and presupposed an acquaintance with Molière. It is the peculiar characteristic of *The Fruits of Enlightenment* and of *The Inspector* that they do not—that they are, in form as well as in spirit, wholly Russian.

Neither of these plays is what we call a comedy of manners, and it seems that this form of literature is practically unknown in Russia. M. de Vogüé has noted the fact that the novel and the poem in that country have developed far more steadily, and have taken forms more accomplished than the drama. "In a country divided into two very unequal categories of civilization, poetry and prose fiction have made rapid progress, because they address themselves to the polite classes; the stage, obliged to amuse the people, has remained childish, as its audience is," says this acute and sympathetic critic. We may go further, and say that it has remained Oriental. To find a fit parallel to the comedies before us, we must go, not Westward towards Molière and Sheridan, but still further East, towards the rude stage of Turkey, Persia, and Japan. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* is only less primitively farcical, less dependent upon a recognized European model, than those curious Persian plays which Mr. A. Rogers has translated. Indeed, if we can imagine the author of *The Pleaders of the Court* transferred from Teheran to St. Petersburg, we should have no difficulty in believing that *The Fruits of Enlightenment* was the result of his observation of Russian manners. What is difficult is to believe that so Europeanized a novelist as Count Tolstoi can turn from the form of *Anna Karenina* and feel no dissatisfaction with the way in which tradition commands that a comedy should be constructed.

Odd as these plays are, however, it would be a grave error to treat them as if they were unimportant. Each is in its way unsurpassed, as giving us insight into the workings of the Russian mind. We are sorry that in his somewhat meagre preface Mr. Hart-Davies has not found space to quote Gogol's own remarkable words about *The Inspector* (*Revizor* in Russian). They occur in his *Confessions of an Author* :—

In *The Inspector* [Gogol says] I tried to collect together in a heap all that was detestable in Russia as I then knew it, all the wickedness that went on in places where it was peculiarly a man's duty to keep straight. I wanted to ridicule all this evil. The impression I produced, as we all know, was one of horror. Across the laughter, which had never flowed from me with such energy, the spectator was conscious of my anger. I even myself perceived that my laughter was no longer the same, and that I should never in my writings be again the man that I had hitherto been.

In fact, the undertone of indignation, to which Gogol refers, seems to a reader of the play, and after the lapse of more than half a century, to drown the mere mirth. But this does not appear to affect a Russian crowd. Various writers describe the audiences which they have watched when *The Inspector* was being played, all apparently unconscious of everything but the monstrous farcical gaiety of the whole comedy. The Emperor Nicolas, at the time, proposed to suppress this biting satire of his own bureaucratic system; but, having once persuaded himself to witness its performance, almost expired with laughter, gave loud

* *The Inspector*. A Comedy. By Gogol. Translated from the Russian by T. Hart-Davies. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. 1891.

The Fruits of Enlightenment. A Comedy in four acts. By Lyof Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by E. J. Dillon. London: W. Heinemann. 1891.

applause from his box, and withdrew all opposition to its being acted.

The stage is crowded with figures while *The Inspector* is being played, yet, in reality, the action is extremely simple. The scene is laid at a provincial capital, and, as the curtain rises, we learn that a Government Inspector is coming from St. Petersburg, incognito and with secret instructions, to examine into the conduct of public affairs. Every one is in a ferment of excitement, for each official knows that his own department will not bear the least inspection. At this critical moment a certain Ivan Alexandrovitch Chlestakoff, a clerk from St. Petersburg, indeed, but on no official errand, is discovered to be mysteriously lodged at the inn. Nobody doubts that this is the great man, and the town goes into fits of apprehension. The pavements are cleaned, the fire-engines are manned, the various officials hastily concoct lies to be told in one another's interests, and the wives and daughters of the governing classes conceive the most violent curiosity about the personal appearance of the Inspector.

Chlestakoff has a valet, Ossip, a specimen of the farcical and philosophical man-servant so convenient and so classical in comedy. Master and man, however, are nearly starving; they have no more money, Chlestakoff cannot pay his bill, and the landlord will supply no food. At this moment, the prefect and one of his officers enter and insist on supposing Chlestakoff to be the dreaded Inspector, who is simply keeping up a very ingenious deception. The prefect takes him away to his own house, presses money upon him, and, at a wink from Ossip, the bewildered Chlestakoff accepts the situation. He borrows money freely from all the officials who call upon him, has a delightful time with the ladies, and has just driven off in a very handsome postchaise supplied for the public service, when the imposture is discovered through an indiscreet letter which he has posted, and the postmaster has opened. The gullied townspeople are still wrangling among themselves, when a gendarme enters and states that the genuine Inspector has arrived. The curtain falls.

The Inspector was written fifty years ago. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* is, we believe, one of the latest works which have proceeded from the pen of Count Tolstoi. But there is no difference of form to be distinguished between them. It is plain that in half a century there has been no development in the external shape of Russian drama. We are far from thinking that this lessens our legitimate interest in either play. But the stationary character of the form certainly deserves attention. *The Fruits of Enlightenment* belongs to the same class as *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, with, of course, this difference—that, instead of being written by a "primitive" in the dawn of letters, it is the composition of a modern master of style. It is a pure picture of manners, a farce extended over four acts. There is no attempt at the development of character; but ticketed eccentricities are marshalled on the stage, and are expected to act up to the names they bear. When we consider how large a place psychological refinements take in the novels and short stories of Count Tolstoi, we see how stringent the theatrical tradition of Russia must be to account for the entire absence of psychology in his drama.

Accepted in this light, as a picture of manners, nothing could be more entertaining than *The Fruits of Enlightenment*. It swarms with living characters, like a social anthill. There are thirty-two characters, and they are all kept busily employed. The scene is a rich house in Moscow, with its gentlefolks, its crowd of servants, and its invading peasants from the country property. The main interest of the master of the house, who prides himself on his Western culture, is Spiritualism, and he is convinced of the supernatural nature of the performances at which he is present. His great desire is to have a *séance* in his own house, and a wonderful *séance* he has, conducted, for reasons of her own, by a very smart maid called Tanya. There are all sorts of side-intrigues going on, all very merrily presented; but the Spiritualism is the central theme, and the satire of the poet is directed against those who, professing to live in the full light of modern thought, are simple enough to be gulled by the imposture of their own servants. The satirist seems to speak through the mouth of an old valet, Feodor Ivanitch, who sees through all the mummery, and soliloquizes every now and then in the very accents of Tolstoi:—

To be sure they are learned men, scholars, and specialists, and so on, but there are times when a fellow begins to doubt whether all their learning and knowledge, even the Professor's there, is worth a copper copeck. The rude superstitions of the common people are being rooted out—superstitions about fairies, magicians, and witches—but, hang it, if you consider it carefully, all this business is every bit as bad a superstition as the common people's. Can any one in his sober senses believe that the spirits of the dead come here to jabber and play the guitar? It is clear they are throwing dust in their own eyes, or else some one is leading them by the nose. This last vagary about calling up Simon passes my comprehension altogether. [Looks through an album.] Here, for example, is their spiritualistic album. Does it sound a likely sort of thing to take a ghost's photograph? Here's a photo of a Turk and Leonidas Feodorovitch sitting together. What a wonderful thing is human weakness!

To this handsome volume of *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, which is further adorned by a new and very striking portrait of the author, Mr. Pinero contributes an introduction which will be read with pleasure. The author of so many plays which have never been printed expressed himself strongly in favour of dramatic publication. Mr. Pinero says that for "authors to print the work they write for the stage must prove of decided benefit for the stage itself; for, conscious that their plays will be

subjected to the cool and critical analysis of the study, they will feel it incumbent upon them to pay closer attention to the literary quality of their labours." We cannot follow Mr. Pinero, however, when he asserts that lack of American copyright is the cause of the neglect of printed plays. We believe that it goes back a hundred years further, and was the result of the creation of the novel.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PIERRE LOTI de l'Académie Française (1) (speaking under correction we remember no other instance of a pseudonym—for Voltaire is not a case in point—being retained when the author has been immortalized) requests critics who indulge in *gouaillerie* not to read or review this book, because the said *gouaillerie* would hurt his feelings. There is even one chapter of it, about the death of Tante Claire, which he has "not consented to give to any review." If we were desirous of incurring his curse, we might point out that the best way of preventing daws from pecking at your heart is not to wear it on your sleeve; and that the distinction between printing your most sacred and shrinking emotions in a review and printing them in a book is so fine as to escape the gross insular apprehension. In this same preface we learn that Pierre Loti has only two reasons for writing—the hope of doing good, and the "besoin de lutter contre la mort." Here, too, the ugly might be ugly; and, generally speaking, we cannot say that the book is free from that rather Ouidesque pathos and posturing which, to us at least, spoils so much of Pierre Loti's ingenious and highly ornamental writing. There is, however, one paper in the book, "Vies de deux chattes" (the one a superb white French angora, the other a queer Chinese creature that took refuge in Pierre Loti's cabin during some of the heroic exploits of Admiral Courbet), which would atone for anything. Hardly has Gautier himself done anything better, and the piece deserves to rank in that Cat Library (beginning with Moncrif, or even with Montaigne, illustrated by Lambert, bound in mouse-skin, and printed on paper not *vergé* but *griffé*, as white as milk) which must some day be issued. The Japanese "Chanson des vieux époux" would be pretty if it were not spoilt at the end by a *cochonnerie* such as French writers, except a very few, seem unable to resist; and while "Tante Claire nous quitte" (criticism refuses to recognize any taboo on things deliberately published) is beautifully written, it is too elaborate to be really touching. But when all these affectations shall sink (as all affectation does in time, enrage it never so much the youthful critic to be told so) into the sea of oblivion, Moumoute Blanche and Moumoute Chinoise shall bravely seize Pierre Loti with faithful mouth and claw and refresh him dry on the shore of the Unforgot.

M. André Chevrillon's book (2) also belongs to that literature of very elaborate description which Gautier himself founded, to which Fromentin perhaps more than any one else gave definite form, and which has of late been seized upon by the *psychologues*, and informed to a great extent with their manias. M. André Chevrillon, however, is a very favourable specimen of the style, and, though very elaborate, is scarcely at all affected. We may be bribed a little by the fact that no French writer on British India has exhibited such good will towards our nation as M. Chevrillon. Indeed, he is almost too flattering in some ways, though from no want of patriotism, as a spirited little passage on Dupleix shows. But the body of his book is devoted, not to the conquerors of India, but to India itself. And in the florid style the chapters on Ceylon and its vegetation, Benares and its rites, Agra, Jeypore, Ellora, and so forth, are very remarkable exertions, and succeed in doing what the florid style does not always do, in bringing the aspect and atmosphere of the scene before the reader.

We do not know whether the late M. Vitu, before he died, had completed in advance his introductions and notes to M. Jouast's delightful single-volume edition of Molière's plays. The appearance of the *Princesse d'Elide* (3), a charming piece often neglected by readers, must have coincided very closely with the editor's death. M. Lenoir's frontispiece is one of the prettiest he has done.

There is no better French than Mérimée's, and the compilers of the Army Holiday Series (Williams & Norgate) have had freer range than those of a mere school-book, in which "Lokis," for instance, would look very odd. Besides this remarkable story, they have given "Le coup de pistolet," "Djoumane," "La dame de pique," and the almost inevitable "Mateo Falcone." There is no kind of introduction, and we cannot conceive the object of giving such notes as "Arçon, saddle-bow," and "Vermeil, silver gilt." M. Bossert's *Histoire abrégée de la littérature allemande* (Paris: Hachette) is not, strictly speaking, a history at all, but consists of very short notices of the writers of a very large number of translated extracts. What good these latter can do in giving any one an idea of German literature we are absolutely unable to discover. The notices put together by themselves would make a kind of primer of the subject. A parcel of the cheap, short modern

(1) *Le lièvre de la pitié et de la mort*. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Dans l'Inde*. Par André Chevrillon. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *Molière—La princesse d'Elide*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

reading-books, which are now so largely pushing out (with some gain and some loss) the old classical stock subjects or selections, contains, from Messrs. Percival, Mme. de Pressensé's *Seulette*, edited by Mr. Ingall, and M. de la Bedollière's *La mère Michel*, edited by Mr. Wrench; from MM. Hachette, Mme. Louise Colet's *Deux enfants de Charles premier*, edited by M. Testard; Vandenberg's *Napoléon*, edited by M. Huguenet; and Bruno's *Deux petits patriotes*, edited by Mr. Attwell. We may also notice here, though not exactly a schoolbook, a lecture on Joan of Arc's Mission, by Captain Paul Marin (Genoa: Ciminago), who brings Mr. Crookes to back up Joan's visions. A little dangerous that, M. le Capitaine.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his sketch of the Italian Catholic Reformed Church—*Count Campello and Catholic Reform in Italy* (Sampson Low & Co.)—the Rev. Alexander Robertson writes with confidence and enthusiasm of the prospects of the movement started some ten years since by Count Campello. At sundry times this energetic and conscientious reformer has received considerable aid from English churchmen. A letter of commendation, by the way, written by the Archbishop of Dublin, serves as introduction to Mr. Robertson's interesting account of Count Campello's career in Rome, and of his labours in Arrone, Terni, Ferentelli, and other villages of the Valnerina. Mr. Robertson now invokes further English support and sympathy. The times are propitious. Nowhere, "not even in Protestant England," he declares, are the people better protected in the exercise of civil and political rights against Papal tyranny and aggression than in Italy. They desire a reformed Church. They would realize Cavour's *libera Chiesa in libero Stato*. But what was Cavour's idea of a Free Church? Did he mean a National Church of Italy, after the constitution of the Church of England? Or did he mean a Church whose ministers are elected by popular vote? Mr. Robertson as a Presbyterian not unnaturally appears to favour the latter interpretation. At all events, he cites the example of the people of Orfano, who last year succeeded in dismissing their priest and called in a Protestant in his stead to become their pastor. "What has happened at Mount Orfano," says Mr. Robertson, "might happen all over Italy." Possibly this may be so, if "the law will support the majority of a parish in their choice of a pastor, be he Papist, Protestant, Pagan, or Jew." Now, there is considerable difference between the license here indicated and a reformed Church constitutionally evolved by the nation, and established by alliance with the civil power. Count Campello, we are told, has attempted to carry on outside the Roman Church that reformation he had tried in vain to effect within its pale when he was a Canon of St. Peter's. Of course, as Mr. Robertson suggests, Italy may one day have her Established Church, even such as would accord with the decidedly Protestant views of Count Campello; but we cannot regard the example of Orfano as prophetic, or a sign of the widespread desire for reform of which the author is assured. Were all distrust and dislike of the Vatican at an end, the majority of the anti-Clerical party, a party that Mr. Robertson does not think is decreasing in numbers or influence, would be not less opposed to a Reformed Church, or indeed any Church.

Distributing Co-operative Societies, edited by F. J. Snell (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is the "authorized translation" of a readable little treatise by Dr. Luigi Pizzamiglio, whose estimate of the comparative merits of the Rochdale system and the various forms of Co-operation favoured in Continental countries shows good judgment and a sound grasp of the subject. In Italy, the first distributing store was formed in 1850 at Turin; but the author is unable to show progressively the advance of the movement from that date to 1885, when official reports were first supplied, owing to the total want of statistics. There is a rooted objection to furnishing the Government with data, due to the fear that the information required might, if granted, lead to the imposition of fresh taxation. In spite of this curious fact, the author shows that Co-operation has developed largely in Italy in the last five years.

Modern Humanists, by John M. Robertson (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is the title of a set of "sociological studies of Carlyle, Mill, Emerson, Arnold, Ruskin, and Spencer." We should not care to derive our definition of the modern humanist from this volume. Mr. Robertson seems ill at ease with some of these modern humanists. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Arnold, particularly, move him to indignation. So hot is his wrath that we doubt if they can be humanists at all. Carlyle, for example, is represented as "a reckless mouthpiece of injustice and inhumanity." One of his pamphlets suggests a "raucous prophet, hooting like a Yahoo, snarling like a beast of prey." Why, then, is Carlyle found in the Humanistic gallery with John Stuart Mill and Mr. Ruskin? Mr. Robertson's style is somewhat tempestuous. That Carlyle is "a gigantic wrestler," while Mr. Ruskin is "a born consummate master"; and "to see Ruskin even exhausting language is a literary experience worth having from any standpoint," are fruits of the critical spirit which is in Mr. Robertson.

The poems of Captain E. L. Huggins—*Winona: a Dakota Legend* (Putnam's Sons)—possess little of poetic grace, but the fair-seeming show of poetry. Verse we have, but it is verse that

is as the husk of emptiness. *Verses*, by Robinson Kay Leather (Fisher Unwin), is a little book of unmelodious and commonplace rhymes and no-rhymes. Briefer poems there could not be than some of these. Here is one of a single couplet, "Abigail and Andrew":—

Content to be forgotten and forget,
Joyful they meet and part without regret.

Of *The Human Epic*, by J. F. Rowbotham (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), we have Cantos I.-V., the first of which we noticed on its separate appearance. The new cantos treat of the Silurian sea, the birth of vegetation, and other inspiring themes, with the exuberance of phrase that marks the opening canto. They contain nothing so ingenious as the catalogue of stars—what epic is without its catalogue?—and too often are we compelled to feel that what was Byron's forte is Mr. Rowbotham's foible. Description there is, that describes nothing.

Indian Idylls, by "An Indian Exile" (Thacker & Co.), is a pleasant little book of short stories and sketches, bright and light for the most part, dealing with frays and feasts, polo and pig-sticking, with a ghost story thrown in by way of relief.

In *Captain Langan's Log*, by Edmund Downey (Ward & Downey), we have what may be called a "full-length" of the merchant skipper, old style, and a grotesque piece of portraiture it is. He commands a crew of gaol-birds, and does all in his power to promote their discomfort, and incite them to mutiny. The humour of the story, such as it is, is eked out by the not very original notion of a land-lubber, intolerably addicted to seasickness, compelled to play the seaman through the wiles of a crimp. The humour of the story is of the "farceical comedy" order, and decidedly thin.

Mr. W. J. Malden's *Tillage and Implements*, a recent addition to the "Agricultural Series" of Messrs. Bell & Sons, is an excellent little treatise on farming operations. It is full of admirable guidance, the fruit of practical experience, such as is most serviceable to young farmers and students of agriculture.

Among school books we have *Enoch Arden*, edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. W. T. Webb (Macmillan & Co.); *Great Deeds in English History* (Bell & Sons), an elementary reading-book; and "Selections" from *Ivanhoe*, in two volumes, with notes by the Rev. E. Gilliat (Percival & Co.).

From Messrs. Hachette we have received specimen numbers of the *Atlas Universel de Géographie* of MM. Vivien de Saint-Martin and F. Schrader. This fine work comprises eighty-four maps, which, being issued separately, may be mounted and framed or bound bookwise at the purchaser's discretion. The maps are engraved on copper and admirably printed.

The August number of *Our Celebrities* (Sampson Low & Co.) comprises portraits by Mr. Walery of the Duchess of Leinster, Captain Hawley Smart, and M. Edouard Lanteri. The first-named is an extremely beautiful example of photography.

The Art Amateur (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is a magazine devoted to encouraging art in the household. The "working designs" and studies in colour appeal to workers in various artistic materials, such as painting in oils, wood-carving, needlework, china-painting, and so forth. The literary matter is equally varied and presents diverse aspects of interest.

We have also received Mr. Robert Charles Hope's *English Goldsmiths* (Bemrose & Sons), a compilation of the names of members of Goldsmiths' Companies in London, York, Norwich, and other cities, with dates of entries, &c.; *The Housing of the Poor*, by F. H. Millington (Cassell & Co.), being the Warburton Prize Essay, Owens College, Manchester, 1890; *A Sequel to "Looking Backward"*, second edition (Reeves); *The Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Girl*, second edition (Skeffington); *Everybody's Writing-desk Book* (Saxon & Co.); and the *District Railway Guides* to the Naval and the German Exhibitions.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to the MANAGER of the ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT at the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Veuve J. BOYVEAU, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI's, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newsagents in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newsagent, on the day of publication. The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

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As witness our hands this 7th day of August, 1891.

HENRY JOHN FARMER-ATKINSON.

ELIZABETH FARMER-ATKINSON.

Witness to the signature of the said Henry John Farmer-Atkinson, EDWARD HAWES, 7 Great Winchester Street, London, Solicitor.

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